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Selections.

SPEECH OF REV. DR BEARD,

OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,

At the Anti-Slavery Meeting held in that town on the evening of August 1st, 1854.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I must, in the first place, congratulate my fellow-workmen in this very important cause on the very successful and happy day that we have had on this occasion. We have gathered together, upon this occasion, some 60 or 70, more or less, clergymen and ministers of different denominations, from various parts of the country. And we have had an opportunity of bearing a testimony which must, I am sure, be felt in every part of the habitable globe, so distinct and so emphatic has it been; and yet I judge, sir, so exceedingly well tempered, and proceeding from quarters whose names must command respect wherever the Christian church prevails (hear, hear). I am delighted, too, to see so large a meeting this evening. It is true that our meetings this morning and this afternoon were rather more powerful than numerous, but this meeting this evening is not only respectable, but highly numerous, and, you will allow me to add, worthy of the city in which it takes place (cheers). Sir, the resolution which I am about to submit to the meeting is a resolution which might with great propriety have been presented at the very commencement of our proceedings this morning. I am about to ask my friend and co-operator, Mr. Parkes, to read it to you, for he has the advantage of having better eyes than I possess, and the resolution is printed in small type (hear). [Mr. Parkes then read the resolution, which was as follows:]

That since a community of sentiments, a community of principles and a community of interests combine with the great teachings of Christianity to demonstrate that there is but one human family, of which nations are severally members, and, consequently, to require from every man an earnest, active and practical concern in the well-being of every other, especially of such as suffer any kind of wrong, this Conference deplores and condemns the anti-social, illiberal, narrow and selfish doctrine that persons not being citizens of the United States are forbidden to take steps for the removal of the curse of slavery from that commonwealth.

This resolution recognises the negro race as brethren. I take this as my position, and in any audience assembled within this city it is a position which I do not think would be disputed (hear, hear). But, inasmuch as we trust that our sayings will go forth into other parts of the world, it may be as well to add a remark or two on the point (hear, hear). We then, in this resolution, do assert that there is an identity of brotherhood as between the negro slaves in America and ourselves, on several independent grounds (hear, hear). One of those grounds is, that there is a community of sentiment between them and us (hear, hear). I might argue this question of brotherhood on the general ground of ethnology, or on the ground of physiology. I might enter into considerations connected with the development of the brain, with the general make and contour of the form, and the descent of families from one common stem; I might take up the biblical statement, that all men are brothers, in the sense not only that they are one species, but that they are the descendants of one pair (hear); and I think I could easily do so, for I have, in writing, sustained that thesis upon grounds historical, ethnological, physiological, and religious, but I will not do that upon this platform. There is, however, an evidence upon which I think I shall obtain a decided "Yes" from every one present. The resolution I have to propose ventures to assert that there is a community of sentiment between the negro and the European—the African and the Englishman—which makes the two into brothers (hear, hear). Let me, then, ask this question, whether, when the negro mother clasps her child to her bosom, hoping thereby not only to conceal it, but to shelter it against the child-stealer and the man-stealer, she does not feel identically the same emotions, the like delicacy, deep, noble, divine, which would be felt under similar circumstances by the British mother, by the Christian mother, the most highly educated? (Loud cheers.) Some slight differences, indeed, there may be, sir, between the two; but, it is a difference merely of degree, and not a difference of kind (hear, hear). Sir, this is a point upon which I need not to appeal to the imaginations of the meeting. Sir, I would ask you whether this very day we have not had displayed before this Conference emotions of the highest, the purest, the noblest kind which stamp as men the utterers, dark though their complexion is? (Cheers.) Why, how do I know I am in the presence of men, and addressing human beings? Because I am quite sure that the feelings which I myself entertain—whether of indignation at oppression and injury, or whether of delight at the possession of liberty and truth—are emotions as they are felt by me so shared by every one of you (hear, hear, hear). So do I know that human beings are here before me, and that you are every one identified with me by an identity of nature. Well, then, do you not recognise a brother when there is presented before you one with negro blood in his veins, who will, perhaps, make me ashamed for the feeble utterance I give, by the noble, the manly sentiments of which he shall be the utterer? (Loud cheers.) I say, then, that when the lash descends on the negro's back, he feels what I and you should feel under similar circumstances; and when the child is torn away from the negro father's arms, he feels as I and you would feel if our children were carried away into bondage, and subjected to stripes (hear, hear). There is, then, an identity of sentiment between us, and, in consequence, the negro is a man, even as I am a man (cheers). As to the question of degree, sir, we need not enter into that. It is very possible that the European may have some faculties superior by endowment or culture to those of the African, yet the African has his endowments and accomplishments—and I speak from experience, for I have had the honour of having them at my table—and I am quite sure that there beats not a fonder heart, that there exist not richer emotions, in this city than are to be found in the bosoms of the more cultivated and more elevated of the African race (cheers). In logic they may be surpassed by our Bacons and our Newtons, but in kind, generous, noble, and especially domestic sentiments, I firmly believe they would carry away the palm from us (hear, hear). Well, then, if an African is my brother, I want to know what law there is to forbid my giving expression to the sentiments of the resolution, or for you to hold up your hands in favour of it. Am I to feel a sympathy for an African going about the streets of Manchester, and not feel a sympathy for an African going about the streets of New York? (Hear, hear.) No interference with slavery in America! Why, what interference is meant? The interference of reason, most undoubtedly—not the interference of harsh words and misrepresentation; most assuredly not; but the interference of sound logic, sir. Am I to be told that the slave master is afraid of that? (Hear, hear.) Will he be afraid of the interference of kind feeling and generous emotion—will any inhabitant of the British islands tell me that I am not to have recourse to such interference, and will the slave master find fault with that? (Hear, hear.) But I think that if we were to trace the grounds of complaint against interference, we should find that the reason is, that the arguments against slavery make the slave masters uneasy, make them feel their sin, and set them before the world in unfavourable colours. Well, then, the way to prevent such interference is to do away with the evil complained of; and when that is done, the interference will at once cease (cheers). But so long as the evil exists, I will, for one, take leave on every fitting occasion to give utterance to my detestation of slavery in all its relations, and most particularly my hearty detestation against slavery as sustained in and by Christian churches (loud cheers). Sir, the resolution not only recognises the African as a brother, but goes further—it says that we ought to extend aid to him; and the reason is, that he is not only a brother, but a suffering brother. Now, it is a very strange thing that, in the nineteenth century, we should have to rise to succour the needy, and to give a helping hand to the oppressed. Will any one say that the negro in America is not an injured or oppressed man, or will any one say that a man's own daughter should be carried away, for the vilest purposes, by force of arms? (Hear, hear.) And yet these are things that are taking place hour by hour, and minute by minute, under the daily sun. You would not endure these things, and, therefore, I am quite sure you would not bear me for a moment were I ashamed to give utterance to my abhorrence of the conduct of the oppressor, and the wrongs of the oppressed (cheers). Though cotton may be strong, good sense and kinder feelings are stronger still (hear, hear); and therefore I do not despair, and the results of our proceedings to-day show that we have no reason to despair, but that there will be exhibited in this city of ours a very vivid and practical feeling in behalf of the negro, our suffering brother (cheers). The resolution says further, that there is also a community of interests as between you and every other portion of the great family of man. It appears to me that here again the argument is only too easy; but if I should look for an argument, sir, I should merely point to your ships, which are upon every wave—to your railways, which run not only over England, but over Europe, and which unite different parts, the most distant the one from the other; I have only to refer to the electric telegraph, which combines all the families of men into one huge family; and then I ask you, in addition to this, whether it is possible now, at this time of the day, with these means of intercourse one with the other—you sending forth your manufactures to the remotest ends of the earth, and receiving back the produce of those parts, here receiving cotton, here converting that cotton into cloth, and sending that cloth to foreign shores, and receiving in exchange their own natural products—whether it is possible not to discern that there is now growing up in the world, and becoming more and more potent every day, a great community of interests, which ought to be attended, and will be more and more attended, by a community of feeling? But, Mr. Chairman, I am desirous of putting this simple representation before you. You say how are our interests concerned, our own individual interests, in the question of negro slavery in the United States; show us that if you can! Well, my friends, did you ever know a nation, in the possession of a very large number of slaves in its bosom that was really and truly a nation of freemen? Sir, you know very well, and every one who has studied human nature knows very well, that if there is slavery in a nation, there is something else. The correlative of slavery is—what? What is the correlative of light? Darkness. And what is the correlative of slavery? Tyranny. A nation of slaves makes a nation of tyrants; and if the United States has in its soul a large tyrannical element—and I am not sure, sir, that slavery has not done something to brand them with that curse—then I ask you, how are other nations safe? What, will even England tell me that she is safe from a republic where the common mind has so much power as it has in America, and where that common mind has, and must have, received from slavery so deep a brand of tyranny? No, no, my friends, feel assured that if there is a dark cloud, and a very heavy cloud, a far-stretching cloud there is in the West, we here in the East are not free at least from the possibility of being overshadowed and darkened by it. No; the real lover of freedom knows perfectly well that he has an interest in the prevalence of freedom throughout the whole of the world, and therefore he looks with alarm sometimes, and always with dislike, to the prevalence of slavery; and those who listened to the statements that were made to-day have only too much reason to know that the cloud to which I have referred is a very dark cloud, is a far-spreading cloud, and, what is more, it is a very threatening cloud. There is, however, one matter in connection with my resolution to which I am desirous of referring, of a more practical nature. I have endeavoured to set before you the fact that, as there is a community of sentiment, there ought to be a community of sympathy in our breasts, towards the negro. Now, just in proportion as you recognise that community of sentiment, will you also feel that sympathy; and it is because the community of sentiment is so imperfectly acknowledged in this country, especially on the part of some, to whom I am now more particularly about to refer, that this community of sympathy is so faulty, upon the vigorous prevalence of which we must depend for the great resources to aid the American slave to throw off his chains.

Now, I dare say there are persons present who hailed, as I did myself, with very great satisfaction the coming to this country of the late governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth (cheers). Why did I hail his coming among us? Why did I listen with delight in public to his eloquent tones, why did I rejoice to meet him in private? I did so because he was a man; I did so because he was an oppressed man; I did so because, therefore, he realized in his history the very description of what I may term my text. There was more, sir, in his claim upon our sympathies in Manchester; he was not only an oppressed man, but he was a fugitive man; and all those who knew how hearty the reception was that he received in Manchester, have, no doubt, watched his career with very deep interest; and will those of them who are present on this occasion join with me in lamenting most bitterly that that man has been recreant to his principles (hear, hear)—recreant to the very principles which won for him so hearty an acclaim in this very city. I have said, sir, that he was a man; the negro is a man. I have said that he was a suffering man; the negro is a suffering man. I have said he was a fugitive man; the negro is often—and would there were more so—a fugitive man. Surely, then, they are in very much the same circumstances, and you would expect Louis Kossuth to have a very deep and prominent, and all-pervading, sympathy with the cause of the negro, would not you? I am sorry to say that such is not the case. I am here this evening to tell Louis Kossuth, and I trust that the words I utter will reach him, that if he ever expects to be received in Manchester again with the same welcome he had here when he was a fugitive from Austrian tyranny, he must be true to his principles. (Cheers. A Voice: "What has he done?") I will tell you, since my friend there asks it, what he has done. At the beginning of this year, it was intended to hold the meetings, or something like them, which have been held to-day; and I was requested by the committee having the origination of this movement to write to Mazzini. I undertook to write to him, because I had been in correspondence with Mazzini, and I believe Mazzini had no reason to regret the liberality of Manchester. I wrote to him and asked him to come and give us his support at our meeting, the same we have held to-day. He was unable to come, but he sent me a letter. That letter is now in my hand; in it he distinctly avows his sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, the abolition movement in England, of which I stood before him as the representative. And what has Kossuth done? That letter of Mazzini's having been transmitted to my friend Mr. Chesson, the secretary, was sent by him to the papers. Mr. Sanders, the representative of the American slave interest in London, grew alarmed, when he saw Mazzini's name given to support the anti-slavery cause, and he wrote to Kossuth, saying to him, "Oh, surely, Mazzini does not mean this, does he? We should be very sorry to find his name given to the anti-slavery cause." And then, what does Kossuth do—this fugitive, oppressed man? He comes forward and says: "No, Mazzini does not mean it; that letter of his has nothing whatever to do with the anti-slavery movement." Kossuth does more; he attempts to throw discredit on the letter of Mazzini, and says it was an old letter, one without a date, and Kossuth sends a copy of this statement to America. What has he done? He has, in the first place, I do not say intentionally, uttered a simple untruth. I think I can write a letter of application, and make myself understood; I think Mazzini could understand what I wrote; and I think I can understand the reply which he wrote to me. I know what I wrote to him for—his support to the anti-slavery cause; and I believe that, in the letter Mazzini returned me, I received that support to the anti-slavery cause, and as an anti-slavery letter it was put before the public. Well, now, there are two questions raised upon this. Is it an anti-slavery letter? That is disposed of, not only, I think, by my own statement, but by the general tenor of the letter itself, which some of you may have seen. But there is another question, as to the spirit manifested by Kossuth in this matter. Why does Louis Kossuth, of all men in the world, come forward to take part against the slave and in favour of the slaveholder? Let that question be answered, if it can. Why is he made a willing instrument in a case thought to be one of some exigency for the slaveholder? Mazzini's name is a tower of strength; it was felt that it would very powerfully appeal to the United States; and the fact of Mr. Sanders making that application to Louis Kossuth only showed how the galled jade winced beneath the censure of Mazzini's letter, which contained most admirable and well-expressed truths. Well, now, you shall have the letter which was written by Kossuth:

[Dr. Beard here read Kossuth's letter to Sanders, Mr. Chesson that of Mazzini to Dr. Beard, and Mr. Thompson that of Mazzini to Mr. Ashurst of London. As these all appeared in the Standard quite recently, and are very familiar to our readers, we need not reproduce them now.]

Dr. Beard continued: Now, could anything be more noble than this declaration by Mazzini, on the universal truths of human right and liberty? And how far has Kossuth fallen short of that example? I do not wish to bear hard upon him, but I want him to know that, if he expects the support of Manchester, he must be consistent. I have a memory; and I know very well what the state of the liberal feeling in Manchester was when Kossuth came hither. I know that our leading politicians and social men were opposed to what was called intervention; and I know very well, for I heard it with my own ears, that Kossuth did then advocate intervention on the part of Britain for the sake of Hungary, and that he asserted the general principle of intervention. Our breasts were steeled against such an appeal at that time, and, in sympathizing with him as a persecuted man, we did, I did myself, rather strain our principles with regard to intervention, that we might receive Kossuth to our hearts. Then, if Kossuth was for an interference on behalf of Hungary, I want to know what inconsistency with his principles there would be if he interfered a little now on behalf of the oppressed negro? (Cheers.) And I think I know something, from the experience of nearly thirty years, of the predominant state of feeling in the political and social world of Manchester, at least in the radical portion of Manchester society; and I do believe it recognises the love of liberty, as liberty, all over the world—not for England only, nor for Europe only, but for man as man; and if, before this audience, I could now put a few questions to the great leaders in Manchester—men to whom all honour is due, and to whom not only Manchester and Lancashire, but the whole country is indebted for the real promotion of civil and religious liberty—each of those men would say to you for himself, as I say for myself now, "I love liberty in England, because I love liberty in Austria, in Hungary, in Italy—liberty in Europe, and liberty in the United States and everywhere" (cheers). I am glad to see my old friend, Mr. Dyer, present here, the representative of what I may term the foremost radical section of our liberal politicians. He will bear witness that I have truly, however imperfectly, represented the feelings of Manchester. After some other observations, Dr. Beard went on to say: I deeply regret that it has fallen to my duty to go against one with whom, at one time, I went so much; but I tell him, he must be consistent if he expects the sympathy of England to be put forth in the cause of Hungary (cheers).

SPEECH OF REV. FRANCIS BISHOP,

OF LIVERPOOL,

At the Manchester Conference.

The Rev. Francis Bishop, of Liverpool, seconded the resolution. He said: I most heartily respond to the sentiments uttered by the chairman, when he laid it down as our duty to speak out honestly, and without reserve or hesitation, on the subject which has brought us together this day, especially in so far as that subject has a bearing on the conduct and duty of our American friends across the Atlantic; and I believe, sir, that it would be not only an act of cowardice on our part to neglect this duty, but that we should be defeating our own object by so doing. I feel assured that every true and honest word spoken on this side of the Atlantic will be seriously and respectfully listened to, and earnestly pondered, by the most estimable and intelligent portion of our brethren on the other side of the water. I suppose, sir, that I am called forward as a witness, and I shall, therefore, come at once to my testimony, without any lengthened introduction. Two years ago, this very week I was in the city of Richmond, the capital of the State of Virginia. It is a beautiful city, containing about 30,000, or between 30,000 and 40,000, inhabitants. It stands by the falls of James's River. Its public buildings are very imposing; its private residences are of the most elegant and luxurious kind; through its broad, spacious and lengthened streets are rows of locust and other trees, adding to the beauty and attractiveness of the city. About the centre of the city, on an eminence, stands the Capitol, or State House—that is, the house where the two Houses of Legislature, the House of Representatives and the Senate, are accustomed to meet and make the laws of the State. That building stands on a beautiful public ground called the Capitol Square, laid out very tastefully with trees, shrubs, and flowers; and at all the entrances—this was the first thing that struck my attention on entering, and in walking about the city—at all the entrances of this square are boards, warning coloured persons, whether free or slaves, not to walk in that square, unless on business—that is, unless they are sent by their owners or employers—on pain, in the cases of freemen, of a heavy fine, the amount of which I forget at this moment; and in the cases of slaves, the infliction of thirty-nine stripes (hear, hear). From the neighbourhood of that city, not long since, there came a remarkable letter to this country, a letter which was published in most of our newspapers, purporting to come from a lady's hands, and it was an amiable, meek, and gentle production, as from a lady's hand it ought to be; it purported to come, in response to an address of the women of this country, from Mrs. Ex-President Tyler. I think it was well if she wrote that letter, that she had none of the English ladies near her at the moment she was writing (a laugh). Among other things, she said it was an utter mistake and gross Abolitionist calumny to say that separation of families, mother and child, was a common thing among the slave population; on the contrary, she said, it was uncommon, and one that all the respectable families in the South would be ashamed to countenance. Now, I say, thus publicly, that a more gross and barefaced falsehood was never uttered than this statement in Mrs. Tyler's letter; for separations of families are taking place in that city, by broad daylight, on every day in the year, except on Sunday. There is that outward regard paid to religion in that anomalous part of America, full of contradictions as it is, which does lead to the cessation of these human sales, these heartless separations, on one day in each week of the year. One morning, I made my way, about nine o'clock, to a certain street—Wall Street—in that city. Some public sales were to commence at half-past nine. I went into the auction-room of Messrs. Pullan & Davis, in that street. I mingled with the slaveholders, about forty of whom were assembled there; I went round with them as they examined and appraised the slaves, men, women, and children, in a way which I cannot describe; feeling their shoulders, their wrists, their hips, their legs, in order to judge of the probable value of those several lots of human stock. The room was a barn-like place, one quarter the size of this place, and with a very low ceiling; and at one end of the room was a moveable platform, about 12 feet by 6, with four steps on each side. On that platform afterwards stood the auctioneer, and his victims on each side. Among the slaves to be sold was a group which excited my attention, and that of many others present; consisting of a mother, 38 or 39 years of age, as she was described to be, with her six children. The eldest of that family was a young woman, nearly white, and it was the beauty of this young woman which was one cause of the great and marked attention paid to this group. As I returned again and again to this group, the poor mother taking me, I suppose, to be a slaveholder, and imagining that I was contemplating to make a purchase, begged and implored me not to separate them, but to buy them together. The daughter came forward, and united her entreaties with those of the mother. Oh, my friends, have you ever thought of the feelings of a slave mother in such circumstances, with her children clinging about her, and feeling that before half an hour shall pass away they are to be separated and torn from her for ever!

Who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she looks on her children about to be sold?
You may picture the rage of the rock-girdled ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be told!

Afterwards I watched the fate of this family with great interest. I cannot tell you of the insults offered to the mother in the presence of the child, and offered to the child in the presence of the mother. They were in the hands of a brutal, coarse, and repulsive-looking man, who declared that he had only had them in his possession for three days, and the perspiration was running down from each corner of his mouth, and the stench of rum seemed to come from every corner of his body, and he was nearly drunk, and the curses and ribald jests which he gave utterance to, instead of exciting the indignation of those present, and occasioning his expulsion from the place, only caused repeated bursts of laughter. The mother was led to the auctioneer's stand, and one of the little boys, of whom there were two, of less than thirteen years of age, clung to the mother, but he was torn from her by the attendant, and made to go and sit down again beside the wall. That mother was sold with two of her children, and the others were separated from each other. The daughter excited great notice when she was placed on the stand, and the auctioneer seemed to take pride in selling such a valuable article; and he said, "There, gentlemen, that speaks for itself." Taking her by the shoulders, he turned her round, that they might see her figure. "There is not a finer figure in all America than that," he said. And so he went on praising the poor creature. She seemed indignant at it. She was nearly white, as I have said, and her bosom heaved with indignation at being thus pointed at and spoken of; and far worse treatment she was subject to than even this, such as I dare not mention here. I cannot go through the details of the scene. It would take up too much time; but I can never forget that scene—all the incidents are so vividly impressed on my memory, as though they had only occurred yesterday. In going away from that auction-room to another in Frankland Street, Messrs. Dickinson & Brothers', I saw more, which I can equally well recollect. There I saw sitting down, on two or three forms, lines of women and girls, all dressed in new bright shining pink and blue dresses, most of them blue, with ribbons round their arms and necks, just as horses and other animals are decked out when they are led to a fair in this country. And the dealers went along those rows looking into the mouths of those poor women, and frequently forcing the mouths open with their fingers, and treating them with other indignities which I cannot mention. But there was a peculiarity in the auction-room which I must mention in the most general way; there was a screen in the room, and we were invited to go behind the screen, and three men were examined there; their clothing was all taken off, and the examination was conducted in the most abominable way; and I noticed that each one of them bore the marks of the whip on his back and limbs, and the same was the case with all the others whom I saw examined in the same way. I afterwards saw a woman, a mother with her child in her arms, taken behind the screen, and served in the same horrible manner. These are things taking place in the capital of Virginia; and yet we are told that Englishmen may know of such things being done, and not speak of them, out of some false and contemptible notion of what courtesy requires towards our brethren in America! I will not dwell upon these auctions, though I could speak of other instances; but there is one I will refer to. I had read, in several of the Richmond papers, an advertisement of a curious kind. It was from the District Court of Chancery of the State of Virginia; and it announced that, on the following Thursday, there was to be, at such an hour, a slave of the name of "Mason" sold, by decree of the highest court of the State, in order to pay the debts of the owner. I determined, if possible, to witness that sale. I accordingly was present on the spot; and what was my astonishment, when this poor woman was led out, to see that she was a poor, trembling, emaciated creature, about 25 years of age; her arms, which were exposed, all shrunken away? She clasped a staff to support herself. She had the support of two men in addition, in order to enable her to get to the auction stand: and it was with the greatest difficulty she was placed on that stand. She seemed to be just trembling on the verge of the grave; and to be a subject requiring the tenderest attention of the nurse, rather than to be brutally drawn out in the way I have described, and to be knocked down by auction at that sale (shame! shame!). No wonder that our friends cry "shame"; but such was not the feeling called forth in the assembly of which I formed a part at that time. Her trembling, emaciated looks only excited ridicule, and they jeered and laughed at what appeared to them to be the mockery of offering such a valueless article to pay the debts of the owner. They saw not a human being before them, but they saw a worthless piece of property, which, by the decree of the Court of Chancery, was thus brought out to be sold to pay the debts of the owner; and one of those brutes in human form jeeringly bid for the poor creature one dollar, but the auctioneer said he could not take a less bidding than five dollars. Five dollars were then bid, and ultimately the poor creature was knocked down for fifteen dollars. You may imagine from that fact, a young woman of 25 years of age to sell for fifteen dollars, what must have been her condition, when the other young woman, whom I have previously spoken of, sold for between 800 and 900 dollars. I had the greatest difficulty while I was there to suppress my emotion, and keep silence; and when I left this auction-room, it seemed to me a melancholy thing, in this beautiful city, to notice the number of church spires pointing, as if in silent mockery, to Heaven. I wanted to give utterance somewhere to my feelings, and, as I hastened through the main street, I saw a shop, which was the book depository of one of our leading religious communities; I need not mention which; and I went in, saying to myself, "At all events, here, without running the risk of a ducking in James's River, or a coat of tar, I can express my feelings, if I cannot hope to call forth any response of sympathy." I saw in that office the secretary and another gentleman, who appeared like a clergyman. I told them who I was, and what I had seen; and I suppose I spoke in an agitated way, and the gentleman whom I took to be a minister very coolly said to me, "You are a stranger, sir. When you have been here longer with us, you will understand these things better, and be less agitated." "Oh, God forbid!" I said, "that I should ever be reduced to such a condition as to be able to look without agitation upon such atrocious things." A long conversation followed between us, and they made me a present of a book, which I suppose was to calm my agitated feelings; and they tried many plausible and sophistical statements, such as the Americans connected with slavery know very well how to employ, and with very great skill; but I came away with my feelings of horror at the system quite unabated, and only deepened by having thus seen how very callous, and insensible to the wickedness of the system, men who had otherwise good features in their character appeared to have become. Now, we are often told that the matter should be left to work its own cure. Would that we could rely upon that. One of the resolutions speaks of that detestable slave trade—the internal slave trade in America—a trade far more horrible than the slave trade of the coast of Africa, with all the cruelties of the middle passage. In the State of Virginia, mentioned also in one of the resolutions, there were more slaves than in any other of the slave States of America, although there is comparatively little demand for their labour. Why is this? Because it is a great slave-raising State; and as I went through that State, I saw groups of little children here and there, gambolling and enjoying their childish sports; and I knew that the dealers were prowling about, and presently would come upon those children and take them away from their mother, and sell them by auction at Richmond. Why, for the farmers of Virginia, the most important stock is this human stock; they look with interest, of course, upon their maize and tobacco, and other crops, but it is the breeding of slaves which forms their chief business; and hence we see it is a fact that there are more slaves in Virginia than in any other State of the American Union. After referring to statistics of the number of slaves in America, Mr. Bishop said he felt, nevertheless, quite assured that a system like that must speedily come to an end. The very worst kind of infidelity was that which would lead them to suppose that such a system of iniquity could, by possibility, continue; for truth was stronger than error, righteousness was stronger than iniquity, and this abomination of slavery must inevitably cease—but in what way it should cease, and what should be its end, was left for the Americans themselves to decide. Especially, it was left for the American church to decide; for he did believe, that never had a more solemn truth been uttered than that which was uttered by Dr. Albert Barnes, some years ago—that, if the churches would but speak out faithfully on this subject of slavery, it could not last another week. He would now say but this, that in the work of the anti-slavery platform, men must forget their denominational sympathies, and their denominational antipathies. This was the platform of humanity, and it would be doing a dishonour to the cause, and it would show that they had not yet arrived at the true point, from which they could work with effect, in belabouring this terrible mass of iniquity, if they sought, in any way, directly or indirectly, to make that platform less broad or less universal (cheers). The system of American slavery, as he had said, must come to an end; but whether its termination should be accompanied by rejoicings, blessings, or prayers, or whether it should go down amidst curses, conflicts, confusion and blood, would depend mainly upon the faith, and justice, and humanity of the American people. Might God grant, then, that they might have wisdom to choose the wiser and the better part! and, in the words of a poet who had already been referred to, to-day—one who, after a long life, had been recently called from among us—

Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The blood and bones of living man;
Let despots scorn, while despots dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair;
The end will come, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes, and shackles, have their date;
Slavery itself shall pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

COMPLIMENTS.

Dr. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, and Dr. S. H. Cox, of New York, style the Abolitionists "infidels." The *Richmond Enquirer* and Caleb Cushing consider them "traitors." The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which, in 1826, thought the time had not come, and *never would come*, to agitate the slave question, thinks we have "put back emancipation." These testimonies are our especial jewels. These we bind upon our brows. These are our letters patent of Nobility. These we take abroad with us, when crossing the ocean, as letters of recommendation, to guard against being mistaken for common Americans, with a Bible of whips and a Government of chains. The only harm Dr. Cox ever came near doing to the Anti-Slavery movement was about twenty years ago, when he pretended to join it. Caleb Cushing at Washington is a foe of no mean weight; but not to be named, nevertheless, with the injury that threatened when Whittier tried to persuade anti-slavery men to allow him to be their candidate for Congress.

There are other men whose good word is as great a compliment as these men's abuse. Dr. Channing, twenty years ago, thanked the Abolitionists because they had saved for him the liberty of free speech and free printing. The *New York Evangelist*, ten years ago, warned its readers that the rise of an illiberal spirit was manifesting into the hands of those whom a blind and doting Church stigmatized as unbelievers; and ominously quoted the gospel test, "*by their fruits* ye shall know them."

And now the conservative *North American Review* caps the climax of eulogy in language like this:

"When, therefore, in 1833, Mr. Garrison established the American Anti-Slavery Society, and announced as his watch-word, 'Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation,' he came into conflict with a doctrine settled and considered essential to the stability of the Union, and also with the commercial interests of the North, which had become dependent upon the prosperity of the South. In consequence, an excitement was produced wholly disproportionate to the importance of the exciting cause. In maintaining their positions, the Abolitionists were guilty of many unnecessary extravagances; but the persecutions to which they were subjected, and the tenacity with which they held to their convictions, won for them some admirers outside of their ranks, who regarded them as the vindicators of that liberty under which

'free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free.'

"One noticeable effect of the Abolition agitation has been the promotion of the freedom of individual inquiry. *Most of the new theories contemplating radical changes in politics, religion, and social life, which agitate us at the present time, have appeared in the wake of the Anti-Slavery reform; and it must be confessed that, in this country, men have since moved less in masses, and been less prone to take their opinions at second-hand, upon the authority of others.*"

This from the *North American!* the index of the timid scholarship of New England, which never dares to recognise native genius till its fame has travelled to England and been echoed back: which wears the *imprimatur* of the Bank vaults of State street, as truly as any Italian does that of the Pope: which would blush to kindle over any movemment for liberty nearer our day than that of Phocion or Brutus, and is not wholly sure that Hampden and Sydney were quite justifiable in their fanatical zeal: whose editor, like the character in the old play, never ties his neckcloth without a special warrant from a regularly commissioned Justice of the Peace! Surely, the world moves. The *North American* has reached, in 1854, the spot Channing occupied in 1835. *Io triumphe!* the world does move! When the mercury sinks into the bulb of the thermometer, the weather is indeed cold. When the *North American's* spectacles discover the Anti-Slavery movement ("none so blind as those who won't see"), then, truly, it must have grown to a goodly size.

These testimonies are of rare worth as relating to the past; for the *North American* must be considered as belonging to the *Daily Advertiser* species, fossil specimens—speaking of a day gone by. When free speech was in peril, it was some honour to have defended it. While men sneaked about, rather fragments of men than whole men, and trusted the clergyman and the squire to do their thinking—in such days, it was good service to be odd enough to think for one's self—traitors enough to differ from the majority. But just now there is another issue—Shall we cling to the Union, return slaves and make money, or be honest men and disunionists? How great a fire a little matter kindleth! From Seward, who thinks Disunion utter folly, down to the Free Soiler who dares not say '*Anti-slavery*' without wiping his lips with an emphatic But for the Constitution, and to the Whig Convention which trembles to speak of State rights till it has distinctly pointed to the collar of submission which it is proud to wear—in all these, there is such constant allusion to Disunion as shows the secret fear. It is ever the trader on the eve of bankruptcy who is most sensitive to any remark about his credit. Thank you, gentlemen, for the compliment of your fears. When Mr. Seward gets over them, he will perhaps once more dare to mention the fugitive slave clause—a point he has never come within beat-of-drum of since some Southern Senator asked him what he and his Higher Law creed meant to do with regard to this Constitutional clause. When Vathek entered the Hall of Eblis, he saw each man of the throng holding his hand over one spot of pain in his heart—of which, however, none spoke. After a moment, his companions, having bowed to Eblis, with a cry of pain, placed each his right hand over his heart, and was dumb. The anti-slavery man who swears support to the Constitution, seeks ever after to cover one spot, itself a pang, and deems the world blind because he is dumb.—*Wendell Phillips, in the Liberator.*

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O, strong, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote nor formal chains;
The simple heart that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is:
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
And wearies Heaven for nought above
Our common needs.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned
At noon-time o'er the sacred word
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and mild;
And looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands and brazen skies
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool, green dooms, nor grass, nor well,
No corn nor vines." The hermit said:
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile His love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live
Here only?—where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field; beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while
My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when, to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says, God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears:
"Dear Lord!" he said, "Thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest song,
And bleat of flocks.

"O, child!" he said, "thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will find, where'er it be,
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand in hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's dreary line,
And heard the palm-tree's nestling fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed, as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her eyes:
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and light
A tender memory thrilled his frame:
Near—dear—[illegible]

"O, sister of El Zara's race,
Behold me!—had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face:
"Thou art my brother!"

"Taught by thy child, whom God hath sent,
That love is more than fast or prayer,
I come, toil, care and pain, content,
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebiad lost,
And found a man!

J. G. W.

—*National Era.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN MANCHESTER.

In our last publication we reported the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Conference, held on Tuesday, in the Athenæum; and the speeches delivered at the public meeting in the Town Hall, on the evening of the same day, will be found in our present columns. The anti-slavery cause has for some considerable period excited but little interest in our city. The philanthropy which ceased not to toil until the victims of West India bondage were set free, seems to have been worn out by its exertions, or to have laid itself down to rest, contented with its benevolent achievements. The cry of American slavery has awakened little of our Manchester sympathy and evoked but little of our Manchester effort. But yet there have been some who have remembered that true humanity recognises no distinction of country or colour, and that true Christianity demands that good shall be done unto all men as opportunity can be found. An endeavour has been made by "the Conference" indicated to originate an expression of English opinion and feeling which shall gather strength as it passes from one part of the kingdom to another, until, crossing the Atlantic, it shall fill with shame the supporters of slavery, and impart courage and hope to the minds of the Abolitionists. The details given by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, of Liverpool, respecting the slave auction which he recently witnessed in Richmond, and the atrocities described by Mr. Pillsbury, as occurring everywhere throughout the slaveholding States of a country boasting of its free institutions, and baptized with the merciful name of Christianity, occasioned in the auditory to which the speakers addressed themselves a thrill of horror which shall not soon be forgotten. We believe that many a silent resolution was formed, before the public resolutions were passed, unceasingly to protest against American slavery, and to employ every legitimate agency and influence to hasten the time of its overthrow.

The platform, on Tuesday, was occupied by influential ministers and Christians of various religious denominations. We are aware that diversity of religious creed has become a disturbing element in reference to "the American Anti-Slavery Society," and to those who, in our own country, are anxious to promote the great object which it seeks to accomplish. It was remarked, however, by Dr. M'Kerrow, that he considered the question before the Conference to be one not of theological creeds—not of any form of theoretical belief—but of human right in opposition to injustice, of human liberty in opposition to bondage, of human happiness in opposition to oppression and misery, and

the light of truth, he would soon feel that golden chains are as hard to be borne as iron ones, and that the bitter thing, SLAVERY, is harder to be borne than either.

The precious letter from which I have taken the above extract appears in the *Citizen* of July the 1st, a copy of which was sent me from America, that I might not miss a sight of the creditable production. John Mitchel must be daft, or he would never have given it a place in his paper, for it is a production in every way unworthy of a man; and yet the writer has genius, for there is a good poem by him in the same paper. Verily, the atmosphere of slavery is corrupting—it paralyzes all who willingly breathe in it, and expels every manly feeling from hearts that may have long beat responsive to every noble sentiment of our nature.

Countrymen, is it not sad to see Irishmen reduced to this low level in the scale of humanity, and still more humiliating to find them glorying in their shame? Oh! for an O'Connell, to blast this recreancy. Faithfully yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles street, Dublin, August, 1854.
—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.

THE little that was said in the British House of Commons, on the 10th of August, concerning the trade in slaves between the African coast and Cuba, has an important significance. General Concha has been appointed by the new government of Spain to the supreme authority in Cuba. He is a man of great decision and firmness as well as an able administrator of affairs, and has the reputation of integrity, or at least of preferring reputation to gain. Of the men hitherto appointed by Spain to the government of the island, the greater number have retired from office rich and famous on account of their connection with the slave trade, in violation of the laws of the kingdom and its treaties. From Gen. Concha a different course is expected.

We suppose, therefore, that as soon as Concha is installed in his government the slave trade on the coast of Cuba may be considered as at an end. It has been effectually checked more than once within our recollection, and will be checked again if the island is governed by an honest man and the laws executed with some vigour and determination. The mere circumstance of putting a stop to the slave trade ensures the gradual extinction of slavery in the island. The laws enacted by the mother country have all along made provision for the emancipation of slaves, as they are able to purchase their freedom, at a price fixed by the tribunals; and their effect has been to create a large population of free coloured people. In 1850 the number of this class amounted to two hundred and five thousand, of whom more than eighty-seven thousand were blacks of the unmixed race. If slaves were no longer introduced from Africa, it is clear that the effect of these laws would be a gradual and final emancipation of all the coloured population of the island. Already nearly one-third of the coloured people of Cuba are free.

It would be interesting to watch the progress of this experiment, and to compare the results of a gradual and slow elimination of slavery with those of immediate emancipation, as we have seen them in the British islands. If Cuba were to be annexed to the United States we are very suspicious, for our part, that the experiment would be instantly abandoned, and that the planters, so soon as they had the power in their hands, would alter the law in such a manner as to make further emancipation impossible. This would be a consequence which every friend of humanity, in every quarter of the world, must deplore.

In the meantime, if we entertain the idea of making the island of Cuba a part of the United States, we must consider what is to be done with its large free coloured population, which must have considerably increased within the last four years, and which may now, for aught we know, be nearly a quarter of a million. More than half of them, it appears, are mulattoes, a more restless and less patient race than the blacks of unmixed blood, and often not inferior to the whites in education and intelligence. To allow them political rights the whites will not agree, and to reduce them to slavery would be impossible—the attempt would deluge the island in blood. So large a class would of course, never rest content with their disfranchisement, and would be continually plotting to wrest from the whites, by violence, the rights which were denied them. We should expect to hear by almost every mail from Cuba some rumour of a conspiracy to kindle a servile insurrection. To keep the island quiet it would be necessary to maintain a standing army as powerful as that now kept on foot in the island by Spain; and it would be a question whether that could be safely left to the local government, or whether the security of so important a part of the United States should not be sought so eagerly and acquired—for such will be the case—at so great a cost, will not require that it be guarded at the expense of the federal government.—*Evening Post.*

WILMOT ON DOUGLASISM.

HON. DAVID WILMOT is now canvassing Northern Pennsylvania and the adjacent counties of New York, in support of the great principle embodied by Jefferson in 1784, Nathan Dane in '87, and by Mr. Wilmot himself in the Proviso of 1847. The following letter will serve to exhibit the heartiness and unreserve with which Mr. W. throws himself into the present struggle for Free Labour and Free Soil:

From The Montrose Democrat.

TOWANDA, Pa., Thursday, June 29,* 1854.

DEAR SIR: Your favour of the 27th has just come to hand. I would be much gratified to be with you on the 5th proximo, and to raise my feeble voice in an earnest appeal to your citizens to united action in defence of our free institutions of Government. I am under an engagement to address the citizens of Tioga County, on the subject of the Nebraska outrage, on the 4th, and shall go from there to Potter County.

I rejoice that you are to have with you so able and zealous a champion of freedom as Mr. Greeley. In making the disputes of party subordinate to the interests of freedom and humanity, he has nobly fitted himself to render the most eminent service to his country in this crisis. The people must come up to the like high and patriotic elevation of purpose, or there is no hope for our country's liberties. The policy of slavery cannot be mistaken—indeed, it is boldly proclaimed. The recent high-handed outrage is but the precursor of a series of measures designed to give the Slave oligarchy absolute domination—to crush out forever the policy and principles of freedom in this Government, and to establish on the American continent the most powerful and mighty slave empire known in the history of the world. Submission, acquiescence in the policy of slavery, is fatal; and he who preaches it, preaches treason to liberty. Acquiescence in the legislation of 1850 emboldened slavery to invade, in 1854, the guaranteed rights of freedom in Kansas and Nebraska; and to-day, slavery looks forward with exultin confidence to the acquisition of Cuba, the absorption of more Mexican States, the re-establishment of slavery in San Domingo, the revival of the foreign slave trade, and to an alliance offensive and defensive with Brazil for the protection and aggrandizement of slavery, and to enable it to defy the public opinion and power of the world. In proof of all this, I have but to point to the proceedings in Congress, and to the leading public journals of the South. In this vast programme of slavery, where do the submissionists of to-day prepare to make a stand? It must be made now—*to-day*. The free men of the republic, thank God, have still left in their hands a peaceful and constitutional remedy, if they will use it wisely and firmly—the ballot-box. The power and design of slavery must be checked, and the original policy of the Government on this subject restored. To this end we must lay aside—postpone for a time—the strifes of party over minor points of controverted policy, and unite in the great work of preserving our free institutions from impending destruction.

The first blow must be aimed for the overthow of the present National Administration—the mere tool and puppet of the slave power. Through the corrupting influence of its patronage upon the people's Representatives, freedom has been betrayed. It must be overwhelmed at every point with ignominious defeat. We cannot shorten its constitutional term of office, but we must strike down its allies in every State, district and county. It must have no props in the States upon which to lean for the support of its iniquitous policy. No man should be elected to reponsible office—Governor, member of Congress, Representative—whose relations of friendship and alliance with the National Administration are open to suspicion. We must accept of nothing in the candidiates presented for our suffrages short of undisguised hostility to the ultra pro-slavery power at Washington. Anything short of this is folly, idle trifling, shilly-shally nonsense, and designed in the end to lead the people step by step into acquiescence in the policy and plans of slavery. Let no candidate pretend to condemn the recent legislation of Congress, and yet hold himself in party alliance with the present Administration. *He cannot be trusted; and so sure as he is trusted, so sure will the people and their rights again be betrayed.* The man who will not face, in open and manly resistance, the aggressions of the slave power *to-day* cannot be relied upon to do so on the occasion of a future provocation. He is hopelessly rotten—unsound to the core—and will sacrifice his country's highest interest and glory for some paltry partisan considerations.

Slavery is deaf to the voice of remonstrance. In vain we point to the history of the country—in vain we invoke the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and their compatriots, in defence of the early and settled maxims of the Government—in vain we appeal to the eternal principles of justice and right: all, all are unheeded, unavailing. In the abbsorbing selfishness of a great interest, slavery pushes onward in its barbarous and destructive policy, subverting every principle that gave life, vigour and success to our Revolutionary struggle, and defeating all the great ends for which the Government was established. It has broken down the highest precedents of constitutional law, in opening to its ingress the Territories of the nation. To-day, slavery is prostituting the holiest functions of Government—endangering the public peace and provoking on the country the horrors of war for its extension and aggrandizement. Now, at this present writing, it is insidiously undermining one of the most valuable and sacred constitutional rights of the people, in its efforts to put the national treasury, through the treaty-making power, at the virtual disposal of the Executive and Senate. The Constitution designed that the immediate representatives of the people should be the especial guardians of the treasury of the nation; now (as a mere matter of form) they are called upon to vote, in the dark, enormous sums of money, in fulfilment of treaties for the acquisition of foreign provinces and states, without even having laid before them the instructions and correspondence under which the treaty was negotiated.

When, I again inquire, are the encroachments and aggressions of slavery to be resisted, if not now? The Constitution is invaded—subjected to constant change, in the violent interpretations put upon it from time to time, to meet the growing demands and audacity of slavery, and enforced upon the country, under threats of disunion, and the corrupting appliances of Presidential patronage. The independence of the House of Representatives is unblushingly assailed, by promises of Executive favour to such members as would betray their constituents on a question vital to the institutions of freedom—legislative enactments the most solemn and binding, after being enforced upon the country by the power and votes of slavery, are repealed under pretences false in fact, and insulting to our intelligence. Party platforms are erected at the bidding of slavery, and when upon the faith of their honest observance its candidates are elected, they are treacherously violated, and new and more degrading tests of party fealty imposed.

I am a Democrat—deeply imbued with the ideas and doctrines of that political school. My principles are safe—I have no fears of losing them. I know what they are, and whither they point; and when assailed shall defend them with the earnestness of a thorough conviction in their soundness and truth. I repel with scorn the insolent mandates of the Administration, requiring adhesion to its measures as a test of Democratic orthodoxy. Democracy had a life and a history some time before this Administration abused its name and principles, and will survive its brief day of mischievous power. Not the least of the crimes of slavery is the attempt it has made to prostrate the name and principles of Democracy, in its assaults upon the Constitution and liberties of the country.

This Congressional District gave near 2,500 majority for Gen. Pierce, and to this result I contributed my vote. I trust the future will show how grossly he has outraged the principles of its intelligent and independent voters. Slavery demands entire submission to its policy, as a condition of its support—let candidates henceforth learn that here, at least, in Pennsylvania, if nowhere else within this State, we require of them guaranties of fidelity to the principles and rights of freedom.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

D. WILMOT.

WM. RICHARDSON, Esq., Hartford, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

*This letter was confided by the receiver to the hands of a professed advocate of Free Soil who supports and votes for Douglasites—hence the delay in its appearance.

FOWELL BUXTON'S VINDICATION.

THE Abolitionists of this country are beset by all manner of absurd and ridiculous accusations, which, in many cases, it would be simple folly to notice. But in this will be found another point of analogy between their treatment and that which the movers in behalf of West India Emancipation received at the hands of the friends of slavery in England and the colonies. For instance: in the Memoirs of Buxton, we find him replying to a series of absurd charges in the following humorous and conclusive manner:

"First—That in the year 1771, I prevailed on Mrs. Barnard to place £20,000 in a West Indian House. My reply is—*This is hardly possible, as I was not born till fifteen years afterwards.*

"Secondly—That in 1783, I sent a Mr. Gosling to the West Indies to sell my negroes. *I reply* [illegible]

"Thirdly—That Mrs. Barnard dying in 1792, I, who had married her niece, became her executor, and the manager of her West India property, her heir—and that I derived from her £170,000. *I deny that I married her niece, or became her executor, or managed her property; and some confirmation of my statement is derived from the fact that I was but six years old at the time—an early age for matrimony, executorship, or the management of affairs in America. I deny that I became her heir, or inherited from her £170,000. I did not derive a shilling from her. I was not mentioned in her will.*

"Fourthly—That I sent out a respectable gentleman to extort the last shilling from my West India debtors, and to sell my negroes. *I deny that I practised extortion on my West India debtors; for I* NEVER HAD A WEST INDIA DEBTOR. *I deny that I sent out a respectable gentleman, or any gentleman at all, to sell my negroes; for I never had a negro to sell.*

"The fifth charge is, simply, that 'I am Judas Iscariot,' an enemy to slavery, though every shilling I possess was wrung from the bones and sinews of slaves. *I repeat, I never was master of a slave—I never bought one, or sold one, or hired one. I never owned a hogshead of sugar or an acre of land in the West Indies.*"

THE LIBERATOR AND ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

In the defence of their own liberties, rather than efforts to emancipate the Southern bondman, to which, by the aggressions of slavery, the friends of liberty in the United States have been driven, it is an inquiry worth entertaining whether, in the West, a great error is not committed in the neglect to circulate more extensively these invaluable journals? So unswerving in fidelity to the great cause as to be above suspicion, they embody in their columns so much of political sagacity, of historical accuracy, of literary excellence, and high moral sentiment, that no individual can fail to be a loser by omitting their regular perusal. Especially should they be patronized by all parents, who sincerely desire to supply their children with a mental and moral aliment adapted to promote their largest growth in a virtuous philanthropy. Their value is not sufficiently appreciated among us, else would their circulation be greatly extended. It is true we have in the *Bugle* an admirable paper of our own. No subscriber to it, perhaps, appreciates its excellence more highly than the writer. So you have in your granaries and your mills an invaluable article for the support of physical life, in your wheat, but this does not prevent you from gathering for similar use a variety of articles whose value is also inestimable. Is the body of so much more worth, then, than the mind?

I know there are objections felt, and made, by many, to the course pursued by prominent writers in these papers. They say hard things. This is an old objection to them. It was echoed first by the slaveholders, and their avowed abettors, and is re-echoed by them to this day. And when the hard sayings are still applied to these, they are relished very well by men and women who cry out intolerance, and turn their backs in disdain upon the utterance of any truth which impeaches the propriety of their own course, or that of their favourites. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, or Quincy, or Pillsbury, or Foster, can please these as well as their own pet speakers or writers, when their batteries are pointed in a direction which suits them. But let either of these, or others, in the uncompromising integrity of their souls, obey the dictates of conscience and their own best judgment, in exposing the inconsistencies in doctrine and practice of a Giddings, a Lewis, or a Chase, and forthwith we will hear them denounced as uncharitable, of a bad spirit, &c., &c. And for this reason, professed anti-slavery men will refuse to take into their families the effusions of writers who endeavour to deal thus impartially, who nevertheless feel no scruple in subscribing for political journals, for the moral tendency of which they would wholly refuse to vouch. Is it not reasonable to conclude, in such instances, that the uncharitableness and wrongfulness of spirit complained of, if clearly analyzed by the disaffected, would be found to borrow its chief point from their own sense of its fidelity to truth? However high may be our appreciation of the services of an individual, or of his abilities in advancing in some directions the cause of liberty, we are in nowise exonerated thereby from the duty of exposing plainly his errors of doctrine or practice. Such talents, or such antecedents in his history, since they give additional influence for evil to his errors, only render more imperative the duty of impartial criticism. And the true reformer, where efforts are directed towards philanthropic, not selfish, ends, will receive with far more gladness rebuke for his mistakes, if taught to comprehend them, than laudation for that which he has done well.

Invaluable as both these papers may be esteemed in the promotion of mental and moral growth, there is no wish to represent them as above mistakes or fault. Nothing that is human is infallible, and of this these journals, like other things, afford the evidence. Yet if mistake was far more frequently and formidably visible than it is, surely, whilst their columns are always kept open for their own correction, and when it is remembered how little motive there can be, in the nature of things, for intentional error in their conductors, they seem entitled to challenge our respect and confidence, so far as human instrumentalities may do it. Their peculiar characteristics are too well known to need description. The increased number of contributors to the *Standard*, through the discontinuance of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, however questionable it may have been as a matter of general policy in promoting the interests of the cause, can scarcely fail to enhance the value of the paper. In philanthropic, as in all other enterprises, a jealous watchfulness is needed, to guard against the centralization and concentration in few hands, of power and influence, and the means of their own increase. Hence, whilst the distant observer may be unprepared to say the suspension of the *Freeman* was wrong, he may be equally unable to perceive that it was right. But be this as it may, the readers of the *Standard* will have no reason to anticipate from it a depreciation in the value of that sheet. I ask no one to subscribe for it, or for the *Liberator*, for the journals' sake. But I would urgently recommend both of them to the attention of every lover of liberty in the land, in the belief that the fault will be within himself if he fail to receive the value of the subscription price returned to him an hundred fold.

Marlboro', Aug. 3d. A. BROOKE.
—*Bugle.*

POLITICAL POWER OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS.—The following table, prepared by the editor of the Philadelphia *Register*, gives in brief space some idea of the preponderance of political power which has been exercised by the slaveholders since this government went into operation. It must be borne in mind that these 291 offices have not only been given to the Southern States, which are and always have been greatly inferior in population to the free States, but they have been given, in nearly every instance, to *a class* of the people of the South, the *slaveholders* themselves. No other class of Southern people stands much chance for power or influence. Three hundred thousand men, more or less, have, ever since the first President was chosen, but more particularly within the last thirty or forty years, controlled absolutely the government. The offices which they have not themselves filled, they have given to the meanest men that could be found in the Northern States. Look particularly at the office of President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, which are of very great consequence in controlling the legislation of Congress. Here are the "figures":

	South.	North.
Presidents,	8	6
Secretaries of State,	44	8
Judges of Supreme Court,	18	14
Attorney-Generals,	16	8
Speakers of House of Representatives,	24	11
Secretaries of War,	10	12
Post Masters General,	5	11
Secretaries of the Navy,	12	10
Secretaries of the Treasury,	7	14
Vice-Presidents,	5	8
Presidents of the Senate,	50	11
Ministers and Charge d'Affairs.		
Great Britain,	9	10
France,	16	8
Spain,	14	7
Russia,	8	3
Portugal,	8	6
Sweden,	4	5
Prussia,	1	5
Austria,	2	2
Netherlands,	5	7
Ghent (to negotiate a treaty),	2	8
Turkey,	3	1
Belgium, 2 Sicilies and Sardinia,	9	6
Mexico,	8	4
Columbia,	4	1
Buenos Ayres,	5	1
Chili,	6	2
Brazil,	2	1
American Charges d'Affaires,	14	11
Panama,	2	1
Total,	291	203

A NEW CHRISTIAN HERO.—One Straub, who rejoices by some strange chance in the name of *Christian*, and who misrepresents a Pennsylvania district in Congress, has written a letter to the *Sentinel* to say that he *did* vote against Mr. Eliot's fugitive slave law motion, which fact the *Sentinel* did not mention. This Christian says that he did vote "loud and distinct" and that "he considered the importance of the vote second only to the one allowing the people to make laws to govern themselves." That is the mild way which Christian has of alluding to the Nebraska bill. His letter may be naturally divided into the political and the pious. First, he considers that the repeal would "shake this Union from centre to circumference," which would be "great shakes" indeed, and only equalled by the celebrated earthquake in Lisbon. These "shakes," so to call them, would be the more dreadful, inasmuch as things are now so perfectly quiet—at the destruction of the Capitol *and its inmates!*" gasps Christian—"including myself," he would have said, but indignation stopped his breath and the sentence at the same time. Unhappy Straub! In every Abolitionist he sees a new Guy Faux, with the modern improvement of lucifer matches! In his mind's eye—if we may be pardoned a figure which supposes mind as well as eyes—he beholds the Straubian members quivering and shivering for a moment above the ruins of the Capitol, and then descending into the back yard of some astonished citizen of Georgetown or even Baltimore. Like Sir Boyle Roche, he expects that members will soon have their own bleeding heads thrown in their own faces. Mr. Straub should quiet his imaginary fears, for such cowardice is unworthy of a Christian hero.

After the political Mr. Straub indulges in the pious. These fellows, he says, who want the Fugitive Slave Act repealed, "pride themselves on being infidels"—they "do not believe in the Testament old or new"—"nor the Apocrypha," Mr. Straub should have added, which would have rendered the sentence round and complete. Did Mr. Straub ever read the books of which he speaks so familiarly? Does he remember anything in the first about "bewraying wanderers," or anything in the second of "doing unto others as you would have them do unto you?" Great minds have deeper insight, and as Brigham Young sustains concubinage, to secular eyes gross and revolting, by an appeal to Holy Writ, who knows but Mr. Christian Straub may also have been enlightened to the degree that he feels that the chief end of man is to catch "niggers," and that there is no salvation out of the pale of the barracoon. We wish Mr. Straub joy of his theological acquisitions.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

We learn from the New York *Tribune* that the Cynthiana (Ky.) *News* is a bright, sparkling journal, with this excellet motto:

"I give my hand to all my race;
My altar, Freedom's sod:
I say my say, and bend my knee,
Alone, alone to God."

Accordingly, the editorial articles of August 17th are respectively entitled "AN ABOLITIONIST MORBED"; "TREASON"; "MUST BE STOPPED," and "GOOD." The first gives an account of the violence offered to an Ohio gentleman who had preached to the slaves; the second is about the treason of Wisconsin in opposing the Fugitive Law; the third is about drunken negroes, "twenty having been seen near the depot," and therefore "look out for your slaves—the country is full of nigger-Abolitionists"; and the fourth is against an Abolition school-teacher.

The Richmond *Examiner*, in an elaborate article of five columns, entitled "The North and the South in the Revolutionary struggle," has undertaken to answer Mr. Sumner's exposure of the weakness of the South, and particularly of South Carolina, in that struggle. In beginning its article it says: "We propose now to say something in answer to the Senator. *We are sincerely sorry that this was not done by a Southern Senator.* The refutation should have gone along with the deliberate falsification of history. *South Carolina or Virginia should have done it. But it was not done.*" We are inclined to think that the "veteran Senator" from Virginia, and "the Senator with the silver-white locks," from South Carolina, would have done it if they had not seen that it could not be done.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

CHILDREN IN DISPUTE.—The fact that fugitive slaves are often compelled, in the hurry of their movements, to leave their children behind them often gives rise to much controversy. We have heard of several curious instances which have occurred in this city. Quite recently a young child, which had been well cared for by a woman here, was claimed by parties in Boston, and carried there under the forms of law. Yesterday a coloured woman, named Joachim, was commanded to deliver up a child, in her charge by its real or pretended father. She stoutly denied the claim, and called on Justice Coombs to ascertain her legal rights, but the last we heard of the matter, it remained as it was, and the parties in a belligerent attitude.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Lewis Draper, a negro preacher, imprisoned for debt in the county jail of Dover, Delaware, lately made his escape by passing out of the flue of the sink attached to his cell. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, recording the fact, adds: "I hope he may not be caught this side of eternity, and that he may keep on preaching until this infernal law, for imprisonment for the paltry sum of a few dollars, together with the post and pillory, be forever wiped from the escutcheon of Delaware. Can it be possible that a State can prosper to any extent whose citizens are governed by laws which were in force in the dark ages!"

THE UNION.—The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* wants us to tell him what else our Union is good for besides enabling slaveholders to catch and keep their slaves. It certainly answers another end—that of enabling heroes like Pierce and Hollins to batter down and burn defenceless villages, after the people have run away.—*Free Presbyterian.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1854.

STANDARD OFFICE REMOVED.—The Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from 142 to 138 Nassau street, on the corner of Beekman, and directly over the Counting Room of the *Daily Times*. The new office, like the old one, is at the head of the first flight of stairs, first door after turning to the right.

SLAVERY AND THE SCHOOL.

SLAVERY is the ubiquitary curse and plague of the whole country. We have Slavery in the State, Slavery in the Church, Slavery in the Political Parties, Slavery in the Sects, Slavery in the Pulpit, Slavery in the Editor's sanctum, Slavery in the School—Slavery everywhere, above, below, and on every side! Like the frogs of Egyptian history, it intrudes its hateful presence into our houses, our ovens, our kneading-troughs, and even our bed-chambers. The very air is poisoned by its pestiferous exhalations. We call the States of this "glorious Union" which lie North of the line of Mason and Dixon *Free States*! And we boast of our free Governments, our free Churches, our free Press, and our free Schools! Miserable delusion! Not one of these institutions is free; they are all defiled by Slavery—all, in a greater or less degree; under the sway of the grim monster who wields the "whip of dominion" over the Black Slaves of the South! It is only by favour of the Slave Power that our Governors rule, our Legislatures enact laws, our Courts administer what is facetiously called justice, our Clergy preach, our Merchants sell their goods, our Schoolmasters "teach the young idea how to shoot." A stranger, watching the movements of those whom we select as our rulers, might be pardoned if he came to the conclusion that the American People regarded it as the "chief end of man to glorify" that Power "and enjoy it forever!" Our priests and politicians are its obedient vassals. Every man whose allegiance is suspected is a mark for proscription, whatever place of honour or emolument he may aspire to fill.

In the correspondence which we publish below we have an illustration of the presence and power of Slavery in a so-called Free State, which brings to our cheek the blush of indignant shame. A few words in relation to the parties to this correspondence will help our readers to appreciate the servility of the one and the manliness of the other.

THOS. H. BURROWES is a Democratic lawyer. He is the Editor of the *Common School Journal* of Pennsylvania, and is supposed to be ambitious, not so much of political preferment as of placing himself at the head of the Common School movement in that State. He was Secretary of State under Gov. Ritner, and has the credit of writing the gubernatorial message in which that honest old German so heartily condemned the "BASE BOWING OF THE KNEE TO THE DARK SPIRIT OF SLAVERY," which characterized the political movements of that day as it does those of the present. When the Anti-Masonic party broke up, Mr. Burrowes allied himself to the sham Democracy of Pennsylvania, of which he has ever since been a partisan. In spite of all his private protestations in favour of freedom, he is such a slave of party that he has even lent his sanction to the Nebraska fraud.

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT is an excellent scholar, a refined gentleman, and an accomplished and experienced Teacher. His qualifications are well know in Lancaster, and admitted to be of a high order. He is obnoxious to public opinion only in that he is an outspoken ABOLITIONIST. From his letter to Mr. Burrowes, it seems that that gentleman, knowing him well, had encouraged him to apply for the appointment which was afterwards denied.

We now give the correspondence.

LANCASTER, August 5, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Last evening, Mr. Amos Row was elected English Teacher in our Male High School, by a very decided vote, and after a long debate. In the course of the discussion, you, whose name was the only one in opposition, were asserted to have given certain explanations to the Constitution of the United States, in your school, while here some years ago, which did unsettle the confidence of two of the pupils of your school in that document, according to its generally received and adjudicated construction. This was said by a member of the Board in his place, and in relation to two members of his own family, and settled the matter. Even I felt compelled to vote against you, and think it proper so to inform you. I regret the whole matter exceedingly, having hoped to see our school elevated by your connection with it; but in this land, where every hope of republicanism depends on general submission to the constitution and laws, I could not overlook a fact thus directly and officially asserted, however high my personal respect for yourself, or strong my desire to secure your talents and acquirements for our school.

Yours very truly, THO. H. BURROWES.
H. W. GILBERT.

SCHUYLKILL, Chester Co., Pa.,
7th August, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 5th inst., announcing the rejection, by the Board of Directors of the Lancaster Public Schools, of the application I made, a week or two ago, at your instance, for the place of teacher in the Department of English Literature, in the High School, has just been received. I am by no means surprised at this decision, in view of the grounds on which it was made; you will recollect I anticipated it during a late interview with you, when speaking of the feelings which I had long known were entertained towards me by several members of the Board, on account of my abolitionism.

Non ragionar di lor, ma garda e passa.

All this comes of taking the Lancaster "bull-calf" by the *horns* instead of the "tail," as you so wisely recommended.

As for the two innocents whose trusting "confidence" in the Constitution of the United States was so seriously shaken, more than two years ago, by my inadvertent explanation that the word "person," as used in several clauses of that instrument, meant *slave*, I have faith to believe that in the very favourable atmosphere of Lancaster, and particularly with the more than paternal solicitude of the present Board, it cannot be long before they are entirely re-established in the faith.

Neither am I greatly surprised that you yourself "felt compelled" to give your vote against me, though I distinctly remember stating to you, in answer to an interrogatory you put to me before I left the country on my European tour, two years since, as well as on the more recent occasion of the interview to which I have just alluded, that I *had* inculcated the very views concerning the Constitution of the United States to which the Board refer, and which constitute the ostensible ground of my rejection, which views, so far from being in opposition to the "generally received and adjudicated construction" of that instrument, are, on the contrary, entirely in harmony with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as of that of every inferior Court which has ever been called upon to pronounce an opinion in the premises. But the whole procedure is too absurd and laughable to be argued seriously. I am sure, sir, you will be unable to repress a smile while you read what I am writing. You know, and every other member of the Board knows, that the reason of my rejection was simply that I am an unflinching Abolitionist, possessing a decided development of all those qualities which forbid my courting favour anywhere, but more especially among those whom I cannot respect.

If I could ascertain, without too great delay, who is at this time President of the Board of Directors, I would not trouble you with the request which, in the absence of such knowledge on my part, I am compelled to make, viz.: that you will, at the next meeting of the Board, express my warmest thanks to those members of that body who voted for my appointment.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

THO. H. BURROWES, Esq.

THE MANCHESTER MEETINGS.

WE published last week the speech delivered by PARKER PILLSBURY in the Manchester Conference, together with the excellent and timely resolutions of that body, and a brief sketch of its other proceedings. This week we present our readers with the eloquent speech made to the Conference by the Rev. Dr. BEARD, one of the oldest and most distinguished clergymen of Manchester, wherein that gentleman deals very plainly with the ex-Governor of Hungary; also the eloquent speech of the Rev. FRANCIS BISHOP, of Liverpool, delivered before a large assembly in the Town Hall, on the evening after the adjournment of the Conference; and, finally, an excellent editorial from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, to which, as well as to the speeches aforesaid, we invite particular attention. We now subjoin extracts of a letter from W. FARMER to the *Liberator*, giving some particulars respecting the meetings and those who participated in them, which our readers will be very glad to obtain. Mr. Farmer says:

"ABSOLOM WATKIN, Esq., a magistrate of the country, and one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of the locality, was chosen President, and the Rev. Professor SCOTT, President of the Airdale College, a celebrated establishment for the training of ministers for the Orthodox Independent churches, was elected Vice-President. There were two honorary Secretaries, to whom the Abolitionists on both sides the Atlantic are under a deep debt of gratitude, to say nothing of other anti-slavery labours, for their intelligence and efforts in bringing those meetings to so successful an issue. The first was the Rev. WILLIAM PARKES, formerly of Manchester Independent College, now pastor of the first Independent Church in Manchester, from which all the other numerous churches of the same body emanated—an earnest and respected minister of the gospel, who, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical position, is too much imbued with the spirit of Christ to subordinate the interests of humanity to those of sectarianism, as some of those who are conventionally called his 'ministerial brethren' have done. Of his co-Secretary, it is sufficient to say that he is Mr. F. W. CHESSON, and therefore needs no word of commendation from me to yourself, or any American or British Abolitionist. The indefatigable Chairman of the Committee was the Rev. J. BEARD, D.D., one of the oldest and most distinguished clergymen in the city."

After mentioning the names of Americans who were in attendance, Mr. Farmer continues:

"The English Abolitionists were represented by upwards of forty ministers of the Protestant religion, of whom twenty were Independents, five Presbyterians, one Baptist, one Wesleyan, and ten Unitarians. There were also a large number of laymen, sustaining a delegated or representative character, at the head of whom stands our most illustrious Abolitionist and respected friend, GEORGE THOMPSON. This list, however, would have assumed a vastly more dignified and influential appearance had it been made on your side the water, where Abolitionists are in the habit of rendering 'honour to whom honour' is due. Unhappily, it is the custom here, even in otherwise enlightened anti-slavery organizations, to invoke beforehand the powerful aid of the ladies in the collection of funds, and in imparting elegance to the appearance of the meetings, and then to render them the ungrateful return, not only of excluding them from the platforms, but of completely ignoring their existence in print, beyond the published list of subscribers.

"The speeches throughout were of the most earnest and uncompromising character. One feature of interest connected with the proceedings was the first public appearance of Mr. Pillsbury. I believe the general impression he created was similar to that produced upon my own mind—a profound regret that the state of that gentleman's health should have occasioned the loss to the anti-slavery cause, especially in this country, where it would be most seasonable, of gifts of such a high order as those which he possesses. It is a powerful testimony to the force of his talents and the moral influence of his character that he should be receiving honour from persons and in quarters from whom and where he formerly was treated with nothing but contumely and foul misrepresentation. Mr. Pillsbury came to England with a great reputation as a speaker, and we were prepared to hear from him something out of the common way; but his speeches have far transcended anything we had anticipated of him. I am happy to inform you that his health and strength are so far restored that, notwithstanding he spoke at great length both morning and evening of Tuesday, he has consented to address an auditory this evening, in an evangelical Independent Church, at the request of a deputation of its members, upon the subject of American slavery. I regret that some of the most important parts of his speeches were omitted from the report which you will receive this week, but which I will endeavour to supply from my notes, should the proceedings be published *in extenso*. The resolutions from the pen of Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON are most admirably drawn. Our friends regard them as the most complete of any ever prepared in this country upon the subjects to which they respectively refer."

After speaking of the other letters addressed to the Conference, Mr. Farmer refers, in the following terms, to those of Rev. Dr. Campbell and Mr. Chamerovzow:

"Rev. John Campbell, D.D,, minister of the Tabernacle Chapel, Finsbury, and Editor of the *British Banner and Christian Witness*, expresses his good-will to the object of the meeting, and his 'cordial wishes for the most abundant success of the movement,' which he had given expression to in the *British Banner* of that day. In the article alluded to as appearing in that journal, there is a passage to the following effect: 'There will be Mr. George Thompson, to whose surpassing eloquence the cause of emancipation owes an incalculable debt; he will doubtless be the chief object of interest, and the directing mind of the Conference. There will also be Mr. Pillsbury, who is the worthy representative of the liberal party in the United States,' &c. The last letter read upon the occasion to which I shall allude was an official communication from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, conveying 'an expression of their sympathy with the objects of the Conference, and of their cordial wishes for its success.' It is somewhat singular, however, that while the forthcoming Conference was announced in every London and Provincial paper, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society's organ, *The Reporter*, should not contain the slightest reference, directly or indirectly, to a coming event of such great interest to the anti-slavery world. Looking at the tenor of the above official note, however, and the warm expressions of good-will which have repeatedly fallen from its Secretary, Mr. Chamerovzow, we can only come to the conclusion that it was an oversight, although certainly one of a most singular and lamentable nature."

Mr. Farmer speaks of Mr. THOMPSON'S speech at the opening of the Conference as "one of his most masterly orations," and adds: "The report in the Manchester papers does not contain much more than one half of the admirable address with which the Conference may be said to have been inaugurated. If the proceedings appear in pamphlet form, you will have it as delivered."

We close our extracts with Mr. Farmer's sketch of a debate upon a subject respecting which, it seems, there was some conflict of opinion.

"Rev. W. GUEST (a Delegate from the Leeds Anti-Slavery Society) addressed the meeting, upon the subject of the pro-slavery churches of America, and, in the course of his remarks, censured the American Anti-Slavery Society for holding meetings on the Sabbath, in defiance of the feelings of the Christian churches and the American public.

"Mr. THOMPSON rose and said: Sir, I should like to be permitted to make one observation upon the censure that fell from Mr. Guest with regard to the American Abolitionists, or rather the American Anti-Slavery Society, devoting a portion or the whole of Sunday to the promulgation of the doctrine which, as a Society, they teach. Seven years ago, I was in the city of Boston, and so entirely pro-slavery was that city at that time, that the Abolitionists could not obtain the reading of an anti-slavery notice in any church in Boston, save in the church of the Rev. Dr. Channing; and even when he was absent, his co-pastor refused to give out such a notice. * * * * We wanted some place in Boston where we could enter on the Sabbath day, and hear doctrines coincident with our Christian views of the iniquity of slavery; but there was no such place in that city. We agreed that we would take advantage of our having a lease of a hall in the city, and would meet there from Sabbath to Sabbath. We did so meet, and the impression is strong on my mind at this moment of the happy uniting seasons that we had on those occasions, when, seeing eye to eye on the great question of slavery, we were able to mingle our prayers and our sympathies together with a view to advance this, our common object, at that time and afterwards, knowing that throughout America it is the common and universal practice to employ the Sabbath evenings, even in the New England States—in fact, principally there—for the purpose of advocating some great reformatory movement. Knowing this, we commenced the practice of occupying any place that was open to us on the Sabbath evening, in the delivery of lectures on the question of slavery. After that, a number of persons expressed their desire that these anti-slavery meetings should be held in the early part of the day—that instead of hearing pro-slavery sermons, they might hear anti-slavery speeches, and listen to teachers whose teachings were in accordance with those precepts which Mr. Guest had so very well set forth. In such places, they could feel that they were discharging their duty to God, and performing an act of humanity towards their fellow-creatures. This practice has now become common, and the first day of the week is occupied by the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the holding of anti-slavery meetings. I am not here to profess my own private opinions as to the strict coincidence of such a course with the obligations of the Christian Sabbath; but I am here to declare, that amongst the many excellent men and women in the United States, you will find them coming into the anti-slavery meetings held by the anti-slavery agents, and declaring while there, and after they have been there, that they have derived more religious edification from attending these meetings, and have obtained more just

be whipped into the traces, and would vote for Rockwell instead of Washburn, and the galleries, received the Speech with enthusiasm, and the rest of them did n't dare to show any disapprobation. They could only exclaim with Macbeth, of Duncan,

"I had not thought the old man had so much blood in him!"

Some of the old line Whigs thought that Mr. Quincy must be insane! While others suggested that his speech must have been written for him by your late Corresponding Editor—a compliment, than which I can conceive none higher to any merely human composition. I am requested, on the part of that gentleman, however, distinctly to disavow the charge. He disclaims having had any hand in that speech, and begs that all papers that may have circulated such a rumour will at once contradict the same.

Your late Corresponding Editor, indeed, was somewhat surprised at finding that venerable gentleman attending a Whig Convention, inasmuch as he has always disclaimed being a Whig, and as he does not hold to some of the fundamental doctrines of that party. He has always regarded himself, as we have understood it, as an Old Federalist, and held to the good old doctrines of Free Trade and Sailor's Rights, in which that honest old party rejoiced. Indeed, your late Corresponding Editor had always supposed that that venerable gentleman and himself composed the entire Federal Party at the present time—a party which, thus constituted, though it may yield to some of the others in point of numbers, you must allow to be surpassed by none in respectability and weight of character. The Whig Party are as desirous of being distinguished from the Old Federal Party as its enemies are of confounding them with it. The Whig Party never deserved such an honour. It holds no principle that marked the Federal Party. We Old Federalists are as desirous of disclaiming them as they are of disavowing us. We hope we shall hear no more attempts to identify the two. It is an insult to that stout old Party to name it in the same century with the Whigs—that hybrid party begotten between Jeffersonian Jacobinism and a Spinning Jenny.

The Hon. Franklin Dexter, son of the famous Samuel Dexter, who presided at the Convention, also made points in his opening Speech which were by no means satisfactory to those wise Whigs who look forward to getting into the White House, somewhere about the Greek Kalends, or the Next Day after Never, by the aid of Southern votes. He, too, was by no means satisfactory to the leaders, and one of them, Mr. Lord, of Salem, referring to the speeches of the morning, said that he did not know whether he was in a Whig Meeting or not. However, the Resolutions, properly patched up, were passed, and they went their way rejoicing. If you read the Resolutions, you will see that the Whigs of Massachusetts are perfectly non-committal on the only questions of the least practical importance, viz., the Annexation of Cuba as a Slave State or the formation of any quantity of Slave Slave States out of Texas and New Mexico. They only go against making Slave States *out of Territory now free*. All the other Resolutions are merely the sprats with which this most apparent hook is baited to catch Free Soil gudgeons and Whig gudgeons of Free Soilish propensities. But it is said to be of small consequence what the Whigs say or do, inasmuch as they are to be devoured up bodily by the Know-Nothings, in which case all I have to say will be,

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!" D. Y.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF CINCINNATI.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Agust 18, 1854.

In one of your late numbers, you gave your readers some interesting facts relative to the improvement made of late years in the social and moral condition of the coloured people of Philadelphia. This is the more gratifying to many of us in the West, as the pro-slavery press and politicians have often referred to the state of the coloured population of that city as one of great degradation, and contrasted it with that of the well-fed, well-housed, contented slaves of the Southern States. It has not been long since I came across some statements, from one of the Eastern papers, giving an account—bad enough, in all conscience, if true—of the poverty, vice and wretchedness of this class of the community in Philadelphia, but which I received with considerable allowance, knowing how often such representations have been put forth as apologies for slavery, or a good excuse for not emancipating slaves except with the condition that they be sent to Liberia. It ought not to be a matter of surprise should the coloured people of the Northern States be found deficient in education, intelligence or morality, considering the prejudices under which they have laboured, and the civil disabilities and social oppression to which they are everywhere subjected. It is a matter for congratulation, and to be recorded to their praise, if they have, under all the circumstances, made any considerable progress upwards. That they have been able to rise at all has been owing to the self-reliant and hopeful spirit which has been diffused among them by intelligent writers and speakers of their own colour, and the encouragement and sympathy of those true-hearted friends of their race who have ever urged them to self-improvement here, in preference to emigration to Africa.

In this and other cities in Ohio, the coloured people, *as a class*, give the lie, by their intelligence, good conduct and general morality, to the slanders that have been so long propagated by the pro-slavery press North and South as to the social condition of the coloured people in the Northern cities. They have their Churches, Schools and Benevolent Associations, in as large proportion to their numbers, to say the least, as any class in the community. There are some vicious men among them, it is true, as there are in every class of society, but the statistics of our Police Court will show the comparative number of cases of crime committed by our coloured population to be as small as those of any other class. As to the extent both of crime and pauperism among them, the records show most conclusively that it cannot compare with that of the Irish, who do far more to disturb the peace of this city and to fill our asylums and prisons.

In this city, the coloured people have six Churches and as many Sabbath Schools; two Free Schools (a part of the Public School System of the State), of which they elect their own Trustees; several benevolent organizations known as the "Sons of Liberty," "United Coloured Americans," "Odd Fellows," &c., which turn out in procession in full regalia as often as necessary, and are managed with as much fidelity and success as any similar associations among any other class of the community. A Library Association has lately been commenced, which will have a course of lectures delivered before it next winter; a beginning was made last winter with good prospects of success. The Annual Festival held every year in commemoration of West India Emancipation, on the 1st of August, has always been an occasion characterized by good feeling, high enjoyment, temperance and good order. The Festival for this year was held at Dayton. Ten car loads went up by Railroad from this place, and Xenia, Hamilton, Troy and Pryria were well represented. The various Societies were present in their regalia, and, after passing through the principal streets, the procession repaired to a grove west of the city, where a dinner was provided, around which 1,100 persons were seated and a number of speeches made appropriate to the occasion. The appearance and conduct of all participating in this celebration were the subject of general commendation. There was much enthusiasm manifested, but no intemperance, no rioting, nothing offending against law or good order. What a contrast this *national festival* of our coloured friends to the late festival of the Aristocracy of this place and Louisville on occasion of opening the St. Louis Railroad, when nearly the whole party, at the supper at the Burnet House, were "gloriously drunk," and the uproar was so great that scarcely one of the speakers could be heard. Or contrast it with the scenes of profanity and assault at the meeting of the so-called Democracy, last week, in County Convention, at Carthage, disgraceful as they were to any party or community, and how much does the conduct of our coloured friends gain by the comparison!

The coloured people here, as elsewhere, have been limited by public sentiment and custom in their range of pursuits, yet they have made their way into a variety of trades and callings, and acquired reputation and in some instances wealth, by them. They are seen here as carpenters, cabinet-makers, chair-makers, saddlers, and merchants. One of the very largest and finest furniture manufacturers in the city is a coloured man. Several are in the grocery business, and, from small beginnings, by industry and attention to business, have acquired an amiable reputation in the community. I must not omit to notice the splendid Daguerrean establishment of J. P. Ball & Brothers, on Fourth Street. Mr. Ball is a coloured man, and his rooms are, and have been for a year or two past, the most fashionable and popular in the city. His likenesses are unsurpassed, and by many are thought to be the best taken here, and his rooms are patronized by the best families in the city.

But, without going into further details, I will only say that the coloured people of Cincinnati are making the most laudable efforts to improve themselves, and are rising, as a class, in the opinion of all intelligent men. Let them be encouraged to go on, and the time will be hastened when they will enjoy the right of suffrage and other privileges of which they are now deprived, and which are enjoyed by many not as capable of using them aright.

The approaching State election in this State is one of more than ordinary interest. The Anti-Nebraska issue is the main one, and the Temperance question and the "Know-Nothing" element will both enter the canvass. The campaign has opened, and in another letter I may give you some reliable data to form an opinion as to the prospects of the cause of freedom in the contest.

Yours, &c., P.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28, 1854.

In the *Daily Inquirer* of Saturday there appeared a letter from Rev. J. Morris Pease, Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, which illustrates several branches of American piety and Colonization benevolence, as well as the kind of merchandise which the Colonization Society regard as perfectly legitimate and entirely compatible with American Republicanism and evangelical orthodoxy. The letter of Mr. Pease is dated at the "Colonization Rooms" in this city, and, although he asks, in a postscript, that the donations for this special case shall not be considered as given to the Colonization cause, and may in no way lessen the contributions for the Society, it stands forth in all the official form of a Society document.

We are first informed that, some three years ago, Rev. J. Morris Pease was enjoying the hospitalities of that genial moral atmosphere, which most Northern divines find so invigorating to their convenient and pliant piety, in the city of Augusta, Georgia. While there, he was in no way restricted in his intercourse with any kind of "property" with which he saw fit to associate and converse, as his profession and the Society to which he belonged was a guarantee against any suspicions that would have been entertained of a mere layman from a State North of the boundaries of the Patriarchal institution. Among the "chattels" in Augusta, he found one Rev. Hardy Mobley, a "local preacher, duly authorized by the Methodist Episcopal Church South." Mr. Pease says:

"Mobley had long been interested in African Missions, and expressed an earnest desire to go to Africa as a Missionary himself. But he was a slave, and valued at $3,000; his wife and children were also slaves, belonging to another family, valued at $5,000.

"Before leaving Augusta, I made a secret engagement with Mobley, that if he could obtain his own freedom, I would aid in the redemption of his family, and then they could all go to Liberia.

"About a year ago, the first owner of Mobley deceased, and his master generously offered him his freedom for what he paid for him, viz., $800. By his own own previous industry and economy, he was enabled to pay $500—his own careful earnings—for his own freedom; the balance, $300, was contributed by his friends in Augusta.

"He is now *free*, and has come to this city, holding me good for my promised aid, in effecting the freedom of his wife and seven children.

"His family is owned by an aged lady, and valued at $5,000. A Committee of disinterested persons was appointed to estimate their lowest value, in view of the hope of their freedom. This Committee reported an estimate of $4,000 as their real and true value; their aged mistress, Mrs. Duyos, nobly relinquished $1,000, leaving $3,000 to be raised as the amount *necessary* to secure their freedom."

It is probable that the high price (three thousand dollars) set upon this extraordinary piece of Southern property was solely on account of his religion, which was considered to add two thousand to the mere unregenerated "niggers" of that locality. Perhaps, too, the "first owner," who held him at so high a price, was in the habit of hiring out his services as a preacher of the Gospel and pocketing the proceeds, and any little donations he might receive from the poor unenlightened white and coloured heathen to whom he preached. It should always be borne in mind that the religion of an American slave is a merchantable commodity, and of much more value than the professional piety of the master. "The aged lady" who has consented to sell this "Christian family" will, no doubt, be considered as one making great sacrifices for the sake of humanity, after having the unpaid services of this family for years, and then selling them for three thousand dollars!

It is among the impudent and arrogant tricks of the *high-souled* chivalry of the South to make the poor slave, who is anxious to gain his freedom, pay the price set on his own body and soul, or send to the fanatical North to make up any deficiency. Tyranny is always as mean as it is unfeeling and wicked in other respects. It first robs its immediate victims; and if it undertakes to do an act of even justice, it demands pay from others for doing it. In this case, all the weight of the Colonization Society's name is given to make the North pay for the pretended benevolent scheme of Southern owners of Christian families. Mr. Pease further says:

"Last week, in connection with him, I visited the East Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Geneva, Western New York. His case was presented to the public on Thursday evening, and to the Conference on Friday morning. A proposition was responded to to raise $500 in that Conference, by securing *one hundred* $5 contributions. This was generous, and more than half the amount was received in cash and subscriptions at once; the balance will be made up shortly.

"We propose to raise the whole amount necessary to free this Christian family by contributions, so small that no one will feel it a burden to contribute. Donations of $5 are suggested, though any sum, however small or large, will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged.

"We earnestly solict contributions for the freedom of the wife and seven children of *Rev. Hardy Mobley*. We appeal to the friends of freedom in this city and State for aid!

"All moneys for the redemption of the Mobley family may be sent to the undersigned, Colonization Rooms, Philadelphia."

It is to be hoped that the Church North will contribute to purchase the family of the preacher of the Church South, for even the "Botany Bay" for emancipated "Christian families" of America is preferable to the horrors of the slavery which makes merchandise of soul and body.

The political waters of this State are beginning to be agitated with the various schools (not of fishes) that are struggling for the head of the current. Party lines and distinctions will be considerably disturbed by the movements of that somewhat mysterious organization known as the Know-Nothings. In this city, they are in the ascendant, and undoubtedly have a large "balance of power" in the State. From what I am able to gather from the papers that are known to favour them, and the individuals who seem to know more about the secret order than mere outsiders, I am pretty well satisfied that Pollock (Whig) will be elected Governor, Smyser (Whig) Judge of Supreme Court, and Mott (Democratic) Canal Commissioner. These candidates, I am informed, will receive the undivided support of the Know-Nothings, which, just at this time, is equivalent to an election. How much the cause of freedom will gain by this election, it is not easy to foresee. The Whig candidates talk as strongly against the aggressions of the South as the genuine Abolitionists themselves; but the game has been so often played by political parties that they will need to be on probation a long time before their professions can be received as anything more than for the present campaign.

The Free Democracy of the city had a meeting on Friday evening, when the chairman of the State Central Committee made a report recommending a union with the Whigs on the Anti-Nebraska platform. The meeting passed a resolution instructing the Committee to prepare an address to the Free Democrats of the State, embodying the recommendation to unite with the Whigs. The same policy will probably be pursued in regard to the election of Congressmen; and wherever an anti-Nebraska Congressman is nominated, the anti-slavery voters will support him. As a political movement, this is probably the best policy, and it will do much towards counteracting the efforts that are making, by the Administration and its friends, to elect Douglasites from the old "Keystone," as an evidence that Pierce and slavery are sustained here. E. W. C.

POLITICS.

Some of the leading Democrats of Michigan are discussing the subject of running Gen. Cass for Governor of that State. Should he be nominated, it will show distinctly that the Nebraskaites were hopeless of success under the leadership of a less distinguished man.

—— Stephen C. Phillips, formerly a Whig, but of late years a Free Soiler, is likely to be nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Republican party. Shrewd men think that he will stand a good chance to be elected by the aid of the Know-Nothings.

—— Judge Pollock, it is intimated, will take the opportunity afforded by his first appearance on the stump (at New Brighton) to declare his anti-slavery sentiments so fully as to satisfy the wishes of the Free Democracy. Gov. Bigler, after keeping dark for a long time, has at last declared himself in favour of the Nebraska bill. This ought to make sure his defeat.

——Elections in twelve States will be held as follows:

California	Sept. 5	Massachusetts	Nov. 18
Vermont	Sept. 5	New York	Nov. 7
Maine	Sept. 11	New Jersey	Nov. 7
Pennsylvania	Oct. 10	Illinois	Nov. 7
Ohio	Oct. 10	Michigan	Nov. 7
Indiana	Oct. 10	Wisconsin	Nov. 7

All these States elect Representatives to Congress this year. The Legislatures of California, Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wisconsin, each choose a United States Senator also at their next meeting. It is not supposed that any man who voted for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise will go back to Washington from any of them. These elections settle the character of Congress until March, 1857, and settle the next Presidential election should there be no choice by the people.

——The Administration, having achieved the destruction of Greytown, is trying its hand at punishing the people of those towns in New Hampshire which refused to sanction the Nebraska outrage. At North Weare, says the *Independent Democrat*, the post-office was abolished, and that at South Weare has been removed to an inconvenient locality—in both cases to the great inconvenience of the people. In Sutton, not having the power to gratify their revenge in any other way, the Administration removed the post-office from a central to a less convenient location, simply because Mr. Richards, the postmaster, had honourably and ably done his duty in the Legislature. Last week, the people of Tamworth Iron-Works paid the penalty for voting the Anti-Nebraska ticket last March, by having the office removed to a rum-hole one half mile from the village.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

The *Christian Ambassador* (the organ of the Universalists of this State) inquires whether Tufts College, which is soon to be opened near Boston, will received female students. It says:

"For our own part, we trust young women are not to be excluded. Why should they be? Is it not time this relic of barbarian prejudice, which shuts the doors of the Colleges against woman, and forbids her from pursuing the higher walks of literature, should be abolished? Let Tufts College be opened freely to both sexes, and it will immediately become one of the most flourishing institutions in New England. Look at Antioch College, in Ohio, of which Hon. Horace Mann is President. It is thronged with students, and has crowds of applicants who cannot be received for want of room. There is not a college in the United States in a condition so promising. There will be *six hundred students* at the commencement of the next term. Let us be wise in season. Aye, more, let us be *just* to the better half of the race!"

—— A cotemporary, says the *Evening Mirror*, has the following good story concerning Mrs. Stephens's new novel, "Fashion and Famine." We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of it. It seems that a certain Divine, who shall be nameless, found the volume in his daughter's hand on Sunday morning, and, after lecturing her severely for perusing such a book on the Sabbath day, took it away with him to his study. The daughter, quite crest-fallen, went away to her Sunday school; nor did she recover from the effects of the grievous sin she had committed until, on entering the church, with her scholars, after the organ had ceased sounding, she perceived that her father had not yet arrived; all anxiety to know what detained him, she was about to run over home, when he entered very hastily, wiping the perspiration off his bald forehead. Well, he went through the services very impressively, as usual; but what was the daughter's surprise to hear him conclude a masterly discourse with the lines,

"There is no sorrow for the earnest heart,
That looketh up to God in perfect faith",—

the motto prefixed to the volume he had so upbraided her for perusing. When he handed her the book on Monday morning, she found that all the pages had been cut.

—— *The Independent*, in a critique of Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories," speaks of the religious spirit of those volumes in language at once appropriate and just:

"But those whose devout sensibilities were shocked at the irreligion of Uncle Tom will surely have *their* pecking at these volumes. Well, here, as Mrs. Stowe says of sea-sick ladies, we shall 'give up.' How must the piety of the *New York Observer* and the *Journal of Commerce*, and even the piety of the *American Messenger*, that doles out homilies against works of fiction, and then makes a fiction of the precious memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan, by altering or suppressing her real sentiments—how must the piety of such censors be scandalized at the discovery that, in Dr. Beecher's family, the ballads of Burns and the poems and novels of Scott were household words! How many heresies of that prolific house are accounted for in that one fact! How must it shock these conservators of piety to find Mrs. Stowe quoting Scott, page after page, eulogizing Scott, admiring Shakespeare, defending the agency of fiction for good; and after staying home from church on the Sabbath, because she was tired, going out to walk with her husband on the banks of the Clyde (*before sundown!*), and looking over toward Ayrshire, and talking about Burns! A woman who could do *such* things, could write Uncle Tom's Cabin, provided she had the genius for it, and could say all manner of naughty things about the clerical advocates of slavery.

"Ah! but what a rich and mellow piety, without cant or affectation, suffuses these pages! a piety that shines gently, purely, sweetly in the cottages of the poor and in the palaces of the great; a piety that weeps instead of carping at the *waste* of genius in Walter Scott; a piety that, with a heavenly alchemy, absorbs the good and rejects the evil of all that genius has wrought in literature and art; a piety in deepest sympathy with humanity; a piety that, in the solemn temple of Chamouni, catches the diamond lustre of Mont Blanc, suffused with roseate glory, and hymns the praise of God like the harp of David. We welcome the book as an exhibition of the superiority of heart-religion to mere cant."

——Putnam's Magazine for September opens with an article (supposed to be from the pen of Park Godwin) of a character by no means common in periodicals of its class. It is, in fact, a bold, flat-footed assertion of the principles of Northern freedom, in defiance of the precepts of the pro-slavery party. It is written in a manly spirit, with powerful argument, and in a pungent style. No article that has appeared recently in any of our popular magazines—which usually steer clear of "religion and politics"—is suited to make so great a sensation. The writer divides the Democrats into two classes—the "traditional and routine Democrats," or "machine Democrats," "who masquerade in the faded wardrobe of Democracy, but care more for office than principle"; and the "real Democrats, who still retain the inspirations of the Jefferson school." He belongs to this latter class, and gives to the "machine Democrats" such an excoriation as they deserve. The designs of the slaveholders, including their latest enormity, the Nebraska Bill, are scientifically exposed. The paper winds up with pregnant words, at once ominous and of good cheer: "We repeat, that until the sentiment of slavery is driven back to its original bounds to the States to which it legitimately belongs, the people of the North are vassals. Yet their emancipation is practicable, if not easy. They have only to evince a determination to be free, and they are free. They are to discard all past alliances, to put aside all present fears, to dread no future coalitions, in the single hope of carrying to speedy victory a banner inscribed with these devices: The Repeal of the Fugitive Slaw Law; The Restoration of the Missouri Compromise; No more Slave States; No more Slave Territories; The Homestead for Free Men on the Public Lands." What will the Southern readers of Putnam say to this programme of political performances?

—— The Boston *Christian Register* gives the following sketch of the Discourse delivered before the senior class of the Cambridge Divinity School, at the recent Commencement, by Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia. It would have appeared in our columns at an earlier day had we not expected a report from another source. The preacher, true alike to himself and to the religion of which he is a teacher, though confronting the most frigid type of New England conservatism, "remembered them that are in bonds as bound with them."

"Dispensing with a text, the preacher began by observing that the first teachers of Christianity were not theologians, and Jesus Christ was not taught at a college. If present with us, they would probably feel no interest in our theological studies and controversies. Our theologies are only our theories of their wonderful power. Whence had they that power? It is common to refer it to their inspiration. No doubt they were inspired. But their inspiration was not something apart from that of all others. Their hearts burned within them in the cause of truth, righteousness, and humanity; and we go to our theologies to get that life which can come only by a reception of the same spirit that was in the living souls of the first teachers of our faith. We make our theologies an armory, and mistake the fitting on of the weapons for the din of the fight. We make our psalm-singing an end in itself. We build many and costly churches, for the sake of having many and costly churches. Where is our real Christianity in the presence of this awful system of oppression that is spreading its power all over our land? But to return to those primitive teachers of Christianity, their inspiration was natural, profoundly natural. It was divinely natural and naturally divine. The gift of tongues looks indeed as if some special gift was bestowed upon the apostles. But we cannot tell exactly what that gift of tongues was. Paul did not appear to think much of it. Before kings the apostles showed nothing but their own simple and honest hearts. The fact was, they were inspired by the strong personality of Christ. We may be inspired by him too. We have not the visible presence of his person. But we have his character, the image of his truth, his justice, his humanity. He is among us now as the representative of the brotherhood of man. And this growth of a system of slavery seems to be a providential summons to us all to be in harmony with his spirit."

TEMPERANCE.

The *South Side Democrat*, Va., is considerably moved with indignation against Philip S. White and the Sons of Temperance, who advocate the adoption of the Maine law in that State. It concludes its protest thus: "We protest against it, as indirectly declaring criminal a practice in which the Saviour of mankind himself indulged." This objection, says the Boston *Commonwealth*, is quite at home in that latitude. Those who do not hesitate to represent Jesus Christ as a slaveholder and slavery propagandist may very naturally portray him as the keeper of a groggery.

——The *Massachusetts Life Boat* gives the following sad account of the alarming increase of intemperance in Boston:

"It is generally believed that never, in the history of Boston, has there been so much intemperance as exists at the present time in this city. Drunken boys, drunken men and drunken women meet you everywhere. Shops have multiplied like blackberries in summer. The rumsellers are bold as the lion. No one thinks of secresy. The bottles and decanters are placed in sight, and the rumsellers deal out the deadly draught in the presence, even, of the police, without fear of punishment or arrest. What is the result of all this? Why, rows and disturbances by night and by day. The records of the Courts and the reports of the Police show an alarming state of things. On Thursday last (one day's work), there were forty-five prisoners in the lock-ups; thirty of this number were sentenced for drunkenness! Every man you meet in the street will tell you that drunkenness and disturbances are on the increase."

——Accounts of the working of the new liquor law in Connecticut continue to be highly favourable. The Hartford *Courant* says:

"The present success of the Prohibitory Liquor Law must be a matter of congratulation among its friends, and a matter of attention among its opponents. The dram-shops have been closed a week, and even those who were once doubtful of the result now look on in wonder at the change. The streets of the city are now quiet during the night-time; there are no brawling, and loud profanity, and hideous noises." "Crime has diminished among us—the petty crimes brought on by the nightly indulgence in liquor. Does any one regret the diminution of crime? The keeper of the low grogshop may, because his business is the very fertilizer of crime—the guano by which it grows so rank. But the honest man, who opposed this law from honest though distorted views, can he say that he regrets the diminution of these petty crimes, and that he will restore a state of things that will produce them?"

The Hartford *Republican* bears testimony to the same effect:

"So far as we can learn, the liquor law is growing popular. In all the cities of the State, the comparative quiet and order which has obtained since the 1st of August has been noticed by all. In this city, we believe, the law is enforced thoroughly; and notwithstanding the sonorous bragging of the Rum Power two months since, it has succumbed to the law—much to its credit for wisdom."

——Our readers will remember how the women of Winchester, Indiana, suppressed the traffic in intoxicating beverages in that place. It seems that one of the tools with which they demolished the rum casks has been carried across the ocean as a relic. The following extract of a letter from Joseph Barker to the *Liberator* will explain what we mean. Mr. Barker, in an account of a temperance meeting at Betley, says:

"At the request of the leaders in the movement, I addressed the meeting, giving them the result of my twenty years' experience and observation. The people seemed much pleased, especially when I gave them some account of the temperance movement in America, of the insurrection of the women at New Lisbon in Ohio, and at Winchester in Indiana, against the drinking system in their town and neighbourhood. I had taken with me to Betley one of the hatchets which I saw demolish the rum casks at Winchester, and I told the meeting that such as wished might see it, if they would call at my mother-in-law's, after the meeting. You should have seen how the men and women, boys and girls crowded to see the wonderful hatchet, and how they turned it round and round, and examined every part. It would have done you good. The hatchet will be talked of a hundred years to come—that wonderful American hatchet, that, in the hands of a woman, had demolished rum casks and whiskey barrels, and given a deadly blow to the accursed drinking traffic in the county town of Randolph, Indiana. I intend to exhibit it at Leeds, on Monday next, before a vast assemblage."

TEMPERANCE DINING SALOON AND HOTEL.—We invite the attention of our readers to the card of of Mr. Savery, in another column. His establishment, one of the best of its class, is under excellent management. His tables are served by girls, who give prompt and polite attention to customers. One feature of the establishment is worthy of particular notice, viz.: the adoption therein of the federal, to the exclusion of the decimal, (Spanish) currency. The popular system of making "change," whereby the shopkeepers usually gouge their customers, is thus repudiated. Persons who come to the city to spend a few days, and who do not wish to go to a first class hotel, will find convenient lodgings at Mr. Savery's house, on reasonable terms.

Summary.

Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories" is selling at a surprisingly rapid rate, if anything could surprise us in that line since the sale of "Uncle Tom."

ODD FORESIGHT.—Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night cap?" "Oh, child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

CHURCH BLOWN DOWN—LOSS OF LIFE.—A dreadful tornado passed over Louisville, Ky., on Sunday last. Many buildings were demolished, and among them the Third Presbyterian Church, in which a congregation was assembled at the time. Twenty persons were killed, and as many more seriously injured. The scene that followed was heart-rending.

THE RETORT LIE.—Perhaps the best retort upon a lie is to outwit it, as Galba did, when a courtier told him that he had bought eels in Sicily five feet long. "That," replied the Emperor, "is no wonder, for there they are so long that the fishermen use them for ropes."

A South Carolina paper regrets that Gov. Burt of Nebraska has taken but one slave with him, as it thinks that, under the "Popular Sovereignty" doctrine of Senators Douglas, Butler and Petit, he would be perfectly safe in taking his entire plantation with him. This is the way the Slave oligarchy intend to let the people rule.

At the recent Commencement exercises of Yale College, in New Haven, Conn., the degree of LL. D. was conferred on William H. Seward, and William H. Seward delivered the oration before the Alumni. It is time for the Southerners to give this Abolition College the cold shoulder.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate.*

WANTED—A NIGGER!—The following advertisement lately appeared in the *Journal de Havre*: "*Matrimonial.* A widow, thirty years of age, being possessed of a fortune of 60,000 francs, wishes to marry a negro, between forty and forty-five years of age, who has received a good education. For further particulars address M. Des, Rue d'Enetat, No. 87."

PROFESSORSHIP ACCEPTED.—The Boston *Bee* learns that the Rev. Dr. Orestes A. Brownson has accepted the Professorship extended to him by the Irish University at Dublin. He is at present preparing his first course of lectures. The salary is about $3,000. It is understood that the appointment will not interrupt the publication of Mr. Brownson's Quarterly.

MR. BUCHANAN'S RESIGNATION.—We have reason to believe that Mr. Buchanan will resign his present position, and return to the United States, within three months. It is probable that he does not wish to be held responsible for longer connection with this Administration. So everybody else feels who has not abandoned every hope in the future.—*National Democrat.*

The N. Y. *Evening Post* has a group of items under the heading "Murders and Minerals in Texas." Pretty soon we shall find linked together, in one paragraph, Vagrancy and Vegetables in Vermont; Prostitution and Potatoes in Portland; Thieving and Tomatoes in Tennessee, and so on. We don't approve of this. We are like the man who wanted butter and hair served on separate plates. Give us our murders by themselves, say we.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

A QUESTION OF TASTE.—The St. Paul *Minnesotian* publishes a sermon delivered in that city, entitled, "Railways in their higher aspect," from which we extract the following:

"My hearers! some of you have tickets that will lead you down to Hell. The car of death is hastening on, swifter than an eagle hastening to its prey, or any lightning train. Before it appears, we urge you to change that ticket. Christ is always in his office. He says, 'if any man knocketh, the door shall be opened.' If any man asketh, he will change his ticket and that without money and without price."

A TEA-PARTY IN ONE OF THE "RURAL DISTRICTS."—A venerable matron of North Adams, Mass., *only* 93 years of age, gave an 'Old Folks' Tea-Party, a few days since, and among the guests who were present were four ladies of the respectable ages of 86, 82, 80, 70, and three gentlemen of 85, 80, 73, making the united ages of the eight persons (including the hostess) 649 years, an average of 81. And what is most remarkable, adds the *Sentinel*, six of the above persons own farms on which they reside, all in one neighbourhood of less than a mile square, and have been residents of the town over fifty years.

A NEW ENGLAND COLONY IN IOWA.—Rev. Josiah B. Grinnell, lately of New York city, and whose wife is the daughter of the late Chauncey Chapin, of this city, has, with a number of other good eastern people, emigrated to Iowa, purchased a large amount of land—some 30,000 to 40,000 acres—in one spot, and commenced the work of building up an enterprising moral and religious town. It is located on the line of the great railroad west from Davenport, opposite Rock Island, and about half way between Davenport and Iowa City, to which latter point the road is to be completed in a few months.—*Springfield Republican.*

The New Orleans *Delta*, in announcing the publication of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's new book, says:

"It is our candid opinion that no Southerner should purchase anything from the pen of this lying 'old hag,' or add in any way to her already ill-accumulated gains."

We are no admirer of Mrs. Stowe's abolitionism; but the above specimen of "Southern chivalry" should not be suffered to go unrebuked by any editor who has any claims to gallantry. Such grossness of language, when applied to woman, only disgraces the man who utters it.—*N. Y. Mirror (a furious anti-abolition paper).*

COAL AGAINST SINEWS.—Professor Henry, President of the Mechanics' Institute, at Washington, says: "It has been proved that, on an average, four ounces of coal are sufficient to draw, on a railroad, one ton a mile. It has also been found on experiment that a man working on a tread-mill continually for eight hours will elevate one and one-half millions of pounds one foot high. Now, Cornish engines will perform the same work by the expenditure of a pound and a half of coal. It follows from these data that about five tons of coal would evolve as much power during its combustion as would be equal to the continued labour of an able-bodied man for twenty years, at the rate of eight hours per day, or, in other words, to the average power of a man during the active period of life.

The editor of the Hartford *Times* found thrust under his door, a day or two since, the following, written in zigzag lines, evidently with a lump of charcoal, upon a piece of white paper, and purporting to be copied from the Know Nothing Almanac of 1855:

Irish Mother—"Arrah, Johnny, and where have yees bin so long?"

Native Son—"Why, me and the rest of the boys has been licking *an Irishman*."

Mother—"Wait, ye spalpeen, till yer daddy gits home—you'll be afther catching it!"

Son—"Oh, be be blowed! *That's* the man we've *licked*."

[Exit Mother, with upraised eyes and half-smothered "Och hone!"—while Johnny stalks off, whistling Hail Columbia.]

"HOTEL FOR COLOURED PEOPLE.—Wm. B. Astor, Josiah Perham, Horace Greeley, P. T. Barnum, Wm. H. Burroughs of the Irving, and Coleman & Stetson of the Astor House have purchased the row of brick buildings facing the Bowling Green, and looking up Broadway. They will demolish these buildings and erect upon the site a fine Hotel of brown sandstone. The Hotel is intended solely for the coloured people of the United States. It will be leased to coloured men, and none but coloured men and women will be allowed to board there. An establishment of this kind has long been wanted in New York. There are a million of coloured freemen in this great country, every one of whom feels anxious to visit the city at least once a year. This enterprise reflects the highest credit upon its projectors."

The ingenious and imaginative author of the foregoing paragraph is mistaken in a few unimportant particulars. We believe the capital required for this enterprise is furnished by Richard Adams Locke, Esq., a gentleman of wide literary and philosophic speculation, and that the work of erecting the edifice is to be performed by the Fairy Light Guard. We have heard that, being conveniently located by the seaside, the rule of exclusive devotion to coloured people as guests is to be relaxed in favour of mermaids; but our information on this point is second-handed, and not to be implicitly relied on.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEW HISTORICAL WORK.—The Boston *Transcript* furnishes the agreeable intelligence that two initial volumes of a new historical work, from the classic pen of Prescott, are soon to appear, devoted to the period of Spanish history associated with Philip II. The entire work, it is said, will occupy some six volumes—the remaining volumes to appear at intervals hereafter. Mr. Prescott has been known to be laboriously engaged on this work for several years, and from its subject, and length, it will probably prove his best contribution to the higher historical literature of the age. The issue of such a work is a great event in literature; a history, constructed as his works are, is a kind of epic which possesses from the first a title to immortality. In many respects, Prescott is the first of living historians; and his merits are much better appreciated abroad than at home. We learn that a London publishing house has given a princely sum for the copyright of the work in that country.

MARRIED.

LAUGEL—CHAPMAN.—On the 14th of June, at the church of Pentemont, Paris, by M. le Pasteur Martin Paschoud, M. Antoine Auguste Laugel, Ingénieur des Mines, to Miss Elizabeth Bates Chapman, eldest daughter of the late Henry Grafton Chapman, of Boston.

Special Notices.

☞ ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—To the friends of Universal Liberty, that are opposed to every species of oppression, whether of the Black, White, or Red Man—whether male or female—whether opposed physically, politically, religiously, spiritually, or in any otherwise—chattel slavery being the result of all the other systems of oppression. The friends of the slaves of America, and opponents of the above systems of oppression, will meet in Convention at Millbrook, Mercer Co., Pa., on the 4th Monday of September, 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue their sessions for three days (Sept. 25, 26 and 27).

☞ LAYING A CORNER STONE.—A meeting will be held on First day, the 3d of Ninth month, at 9, A. M., *precisely*, to lay the corner-stone of the new meeting-house about to be erected for the use of Progressive Friends in Kennett, Pa., and vicinity, and for religious, moral, scientific and literary purposes. It is proposed to deposit under the stone such papers, pamphlets, &c., as will best illustrate the principles of the various Reforms of the day—Temperance, Peace, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, &c.—and the spirit of Religious Liberty and Progress.

At 10, A. M., on the same day, Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and Mary Jackson, of England, will attend the stated meeting of Progressive Friends at the Brick meeting-house near the Red Lion.

☞ CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.—In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1853, the fifth annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN to all the advantages of Education, Literary, Scientific and Artistic, to full equality in all business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional; briefly, all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a citizen, religious, civil and political.

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.
ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice and call attention to it.

☞ THE FIFTH CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR will be held at the Masonic Hall, the first week in November next, and its managers would earnestly call the attention of all those who value freedom for themselves, and are conscious of the bold encroachments of the Slave Power upon all we have hitherto considered secure and valuable, to aid in this annual effort to raise means for the overthrow of American Slavery. Our members have always been few; and although several who have hitherto laboured with us have removed, we look with confidence to the increased interest felt in our cause in the city, to find their places made good to us, and our Bazaar made more productive than ever before, and we again ask all who have homes and anything to love in them to remember those who have nothing which may not at any moment be wrested from them, and to send us something for our Fair, as God has prospered them. Let such pour into this chann

Miscellaneous Department.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A PROBLEM.

Sad is Life!
From the lowliest hut to the lordliest hall,
Dark sorrow and sin
Stand ever within;
And yet God's light is over all,
And His heavens above.

Dreary is Life!
The skies seem wrapped in a funeral pall,
Where Death and Woe
Pass to and fro;
And yet God's light is over all,
And His heavens above.

Bitter is Life!
Steeped to the brim is the cup in gall,
And we weep sad tears
Through the long, long years;
And yet God's light is over all,
And his heavens above. T. E. D.

THE FACULTY.

THE simple Highlander who came weeping to his commander after the battle of Preston Pans, lamenting that the watch, which was his share of the plunder from the vanquished English, had "died that morning," meaning that it had stopped, was not so far wrong in his generation after all. A man resembles a watch in very many respects. It would be but a sorry pun to adduce first, in support of this position, the old Latin saw, Homo Duplex—thereby intimating that a man is like a watch with a duplex movement. Yet there are duplex men; and those who go on the horizontal and on the lever principle. Some of us are jewelled in many holes, and have ruby rollers and escapements of price, yet are contained in humble silver or pinchbeck cases; while the trashy, ill-constructed, worse-going sets of works have gorgeous envelopes, cases of embossed gold, radiant with enamel and sparkling with gems. Did you never know an engine-turned man? Men who were too fast or too slow? Men, who, being frequently in the watchmaker's hands for regulation, go all the worse for it afterwards? Men who, if neglected, were apt to run down and play the deuce with their insides? Are not men as often pledged as watches, and as seldom redeemed? Are there not as many worthless men as watches appended with sham Albert chains, and showy, valueless breloques? Has not an old-fashioned watch an unmistakable likeness to an old-fashioned man? Are there not ladies' men and ladies' watches; hunting men and hunting watches; men and watches that are repeaters; watches and men that you can set tunes upon, and that will go on tinkling the same tunes with sweet and unerring monotony over and over again, as often as you like to wind them up. And is not, finally, a man in this much like a watch, that, finished, capped, jewelled, engine-turned, wound up, and going (to speak familiarly) like one o'clock; in the pride of his beauty, the accuracy of his movement, the perfection of his mechanism, the flower of his age—one slight concussion, one hasty touch, one wandering crumb, one accidental drop of moisture, will silence the healthful music of his pulse, and paralyze his nervous hands, and leave him a dumb, senseless, piece of matter, prone to go to rust, and fit only to be taken to pieces, to form the competent parts of newer, braver watches? Yet a man will bear mending almost as often as a watch. You may take his interior almost out, and give him a new case, a new face, new hands. But when the man-spring is broken, it cannot, like the main-spring, be replaced.

If you will concede the resemblance of humanity to watchwork, you will not deny the likeness of the doctor to the skilful artisan, who repairs watches. There is no such person, strictly speaking, as a watchmaker; the brightest mechanical geniuses of Cornhill, Clerkenwell, and the Palais Royal do not make watches; they merely collect their separate, already-made parts, and put them together. They also tinker and examine, clean and regulate, improve and strengthen. So with the doctor; he is the human watchmender. He knows the component parts of the machine, and when it is going right or wrong. He mends, adjusts, strengthens, and occasionally spoils us. As some watch workmen make dial plates, some springs, some wheels, and some hands—so some doctors attend to the limbs, some to the digestive organs, some to the brain, some to the liver, and some to the skins of humanity.

I have the highest respect and reverence for that medical aggregate commonly called The Faculty, and I hope that none of its members will be offended with me for drawing a comparison between the art of healing and the art of watchmaking. For, although the two professions do seem to run parallel, there is a point where they diverge widely and for ever; where the mechanist of mere inanimate discs of metal must keep in the beaten track of his trade; but where the doctor stands forth, another Mungo Park, to explore the sources of the Niger of Life; where he journeys into unknown countries, and valleys full of shadows to make discoveries as strange as Marco Polo's, to undergo vicissitudes as wondrous as Sale's, and as perilous as Burckhardt's, and as fatal as Captain Cook's. The Faculty has had its pioneers, its explorers, its trappers, its apostles, and its martyrs. For centuries, energetic and enthusiastic men have devoted the flower of their lives and the fruitful harvest of their genius to one great object. At this moment there are hundreds of men passing the hours that we squander, in patient application, unwearied study, and profound meditation—applying, studying, meditating upon the site and foundations, the walls and roof, the beams and rafters, the very bricks and laths of that house of life of which so few of us have long leases, which so few of us take the commonest precautions to keep in habitable repair, which so many of us wantonly injure and dismantle, nay, sometimes burn down altogether with combustible fluids, or run away from, taking the key with us without paying the rent.

The Faculty has a literature of its own—a ghastly literature, illustrated by a hastlier style of art—as Mr. Churchhill's shop, and the library and museum of the College of Surgeons can show. The Faculty has its newspapers, its monthly and quarterly journals, its philosophers, essayists and humorists; but where are its historians? When are we to have the history of the Faculty? Not a scientific history, not a controversial history, not even a professional history, but a history for the vulgar—a history of the doctor in all ages in his habit as he has lived. Surely, if the different schools of philosophy, poetry, music, and painting have found their historians; if Dr. Johnson could propose, even, a biography of Eminent Scoundrels; if insects have their historiographers, and the beasts that perished and the reptiles that crawled before the Flood their annalists; if we have memoirs of celebrated printers, celebrated quakers, celebrated pirates, celebrated criminals, celebrated children, celebrated Smiths, we have surely a right to expect a popular biography of celebrated doctors. Let us have the Faculty—its curiosities, eccentricities, its lights and shadows; its virtues and faults, from Avicenna to Abernethy, from Ambrose Paré to Astley Cooper, from Cardan to Clarke, from Rondelet to Ricord, from Sir Thomas Browne, the learned knight of Norwich, to Sir Benjamin Brodie, the more learned baronet of Savile Row.

The history of medical quackery and imposture alone would fill a spacious library, supplementary to that of The Faculty, and be a rich boon to the reading public. From the charms and philters and dried eelskins of the old half-conjurors, half-doctors, to those more learned yet mistaken men, who as late as the days of the knight of Norwich believed in the efficacy of Misraim for curing wounds, and sold Pharaoh for balsam; maintaining subtle controversies as to the virtues of powdered unicorn's horn, dried mermaid's scales, and the ashes of a phœnix sublimated and drunk in wine of canary thrice boiled, to later believers in the cure of the king's evil by the king's touch; from these gropers in the labyrinth of error to the more ignorant, more pretentious, more versatile, more successful quacks of modern times, the Sangrados; the disciples of Molière's Sagnarelle whose panacea for all human ailments was a lump of cheese; the Katterfeltos, with their hair on end, wondering at their own wonders; the Dulcamaras in scarlet coat, top-boots and powdered hair going about to fairs and markets with merry-andrews and big-drums; the mystic Dr. Graham, with his goddess Hygeia (in the likeness of a Royal Academy model); the famous and erudite Dr. Lettsom, whose confession of faith is said to have been

When people's ill, they comes to I.
I purges, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
What's that to I?
I. Lettsom.

—from the memoirs of these worthies; to the swarming professors, old and young doctors, Licentiates of the University of Trincomalee, Duly Qualified Surgeons, Medical Herbalists and advertising pill and ointment impostors of the present day, who clear their thousands annually by the sale of nostrums to a besotted and credulous public, we might at least learn that whilst in all ages the average of human folly and credulity has been pretty nearly equal, still, that side by side with quackery and knavery that great edifice of science adorned with probity, and science softened by humanity, has grown up, which, though far from complete, is yet an honour and glory to this century and generation—I mean the mechanical profession of to-day—in short, the Faculty.

Yes; we want a cunning hand to draw us the doctor, ancient and modern, nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. We want to know all about the ancient disciples of Galen and Hippocrates; how they worshipped Esculapius, and whether the cock they sacrificed to him was a Cochin-China or a bantam. We desire acquaintance with the Arabian Hakim, with his talismans and amulets; with the despised Jew leech of the Plantagenet kings, trembling while he prescribed, and oft paying for the loss of a diseased life with his own healthy life; persecuted, reviled, yet with a mine of learning beneath his gaberdine and greasy head-dress. We crave to know more of those jovial practitioners and dispensers, the monks of old; and whether they took the same kind of physic themselves that they dispensed so liberally to the sick at the gates of their monasteries, or limited their pharmacopœia to the rich wine which they are said to have quaffed so frequently, and with so many ha-has! We seek introduction to the medieval doctor, riding gravely upon a mule, with his whole apparatus of surgical instruments hung at the crupper; his quaint skull cap, his learned spectacles, his bulky Latin folios, none of which could save him from the suspicion of dealing with the devil, or from the temptation of occasionally wasting his fees in the purchase of stuffed monsters and dried reptiles, with perhaps a neat apparatus of crucibles and alembics for purposes of alchemy. We call for the doctor of the seventeenth century, still a learned man, with square cut cap and falling bands, but with some glimmering of facts and science breaking through the haze of his book-laden brains—full of mummy and Misraim, unicorn's horn and golden water of life yet, but not quite so confident about them as heretofore—meditating perchance upon the antiquated prejudices and pedantries of medicine, much as a Major General Sir Peregrine Pigtail of the present day may look upon tight stocks and bearskin caps and flint locks. Then would we be eager for a knowledge of the doctor of the Georgian era, in his square-cut coat, flapped waistcoat, huge cuffs, powdered wig, ruffles, three-cornered hat, and sapient gold-headed cane complete. So on and on till the doctor of to-day grows upon us, learned, skilful, knighted, broughamed, degreed, honoured, caressed, or cheerfully exercising his learning and his skill in poverty and obscurity, but sowing no less than his titled, initialled brother, good seed, surely afterwards to grow up into a rich harvest of glory in the broad lands of reward.

Much do we desire cognizance of all these things; likewise when the first fee was taken and the first consultation held; who invented the charming system of more than cuneiform hieroglyphics employed by the Faculty to express scruples, drachms, and grains; what scholiast upon Priscian settled the declensions and conjugations of Doctors' Latin, and when prescriptions first came into use; when doctors began to disagree, and when first "physicians was in vain." I should like the historian, too, to clear up the story of Dr. Faustus; whom I consider myself to have been a highly ingenuous practitioner, considerably in advance of his age, but with a fancy for cabalistics, table-turning and spirit-rapping which eventualy brought him into bad odour. I want further information about Macbeth's medical attendant: why he wore trunk hose and roses in his shoes, while the rest of the court wore kilts and bonnets; and whether he married the gentlewoman after the discomfiture of his iniquitous master and the coronation of Malcolm at Scone. I am particularly anxious to know more of Dr. Butts, that wise physician attached to the person of Henry the Eighth, and whose duties appear to have been confined to looking out of window in the company of his royal patron. And I confess that I have an ardent longing to know all about the famous Dr. Fell, whether he was a doctor of physic, law, divinity, letters, or music; why the great lexicographer didn't like him, and why the reason thereof he could not tell. Who is to be our Doctor Dubitantium on the doctorial question? When may we expect the History of the Faculty in a cheap form for Railroad reading?

If you expect such a work from *me*, you are grivеously mistaken. I don't know much about anything; I want other people to tell me; I am as ignorant about the doctors of by-gone ages as a Zulu Kaffir; though, of the Faculty of the present day (and I acknowledge it with a sort of groan) I *do* know something. Yes the doctor and I are old friends. We know a good deal about one another.

The Faculty was aware of me, of course, prior to my appearance upon the stage of men. The Faculty was down upon me immediately afterwards. The Faculty put fetters on my legs, and fullers' earth poultices upon my eyes, blisters on my chest, worsted behind my ears. The Faculty put glass cups between my shoulders, scarified my flesh with infernal machines full of sharp steel teeth, and sucked up my young blood. The Faculty introduced to my notice sundry monsters of a slimy nature, originally from Asia Minor, I believe, which arrived in pill-boxes, and drank of me till they fell drunk into plates of salt, to dream, no doubt about their fathers of the horse connection, and their three sisters who cried continually, "Give! Give!" The Faculty "put rat's-bones in my porridge and halters in my pew," in the shape of draughts and powders. The Faculty have endowed me to this day with a loathing for orange-marmalade as recalling horrible traditions of ipecacuanha. It has made black currant jelly abhorrent to me in connection with powdered aloes; and it has implanted a deadly and inextinguishable dread of roasted apples, lest it should be calomel in disguise, and a shuddering suspicion of flower of brimstone, when I see treacle. I have been rubbed by the Faculty, scraped, lanced, probed, plastered and pickled by the Faculty. The Faculty sat by my side at dinner, far more awfully present than Sancho Panza's physician. The Faculty denied me pudding twice after meat; sent me to bed when I was broad awake; kept me indoors when my limbs yearned for exercise; forbade me to read the books I loved; tabooed open windows; banned green meats and fruits; swathed me in hot stifling clothing; kept me from church pleading the danger of being over-heated, and from the play—the dear, delightful play, with its wax lights, gay dresses, and miraculous transformations—through unfounded apprehensions of catching cold. Oh, you little children! if you could only find some juvenile Fox to write your martyrology. Saint Catherine and her wheel, Saint Lawrence and his gridiron, Saint Denis and his sore throat, Saint Stephen and his stones; what would their tortures be in comparison with your sufferings at the instigation of the merciless Faculty?

Yet I bear the Faculty no ill-will for all the experiments they made upon me, and I dare say that in my case they did it for the best. By all accounts I must have suffered under dreadful ailments during my nonage. I know that there was always something the matter with my eyes, or my limbs, or my head. I can remember eyes that looked at me with a kind, sad pitying wonder, as I played about, an ailing child, marvelling doubtless how any of the cheerfulness and sprightliness of infancy could abide in that afflicted and feeble frame. I can dimly recall words of sorrow and commiseration that I hoarded with the child's words—avarice, when I was very young—words from those who must have seen me swathed and bandaged up among vigorous playmates, or watched me sitting apart in weird and unnatural confabulation with my elders, when I should have been gambolling among my peers. I can remember that I was taken to a great many new doctors to make me "quite well," and to a great many new spots to make me "quite strong"; and I can call to mind that my mother had a maid once, with whom she had a "difficulty," and who, in the progress of the discussion threw out the axiomatic insult, that I was a "hobject." It had never struck me before that I *was* an object; but I have no doubt the lady's maid was substantially correct. Yet for all my objectibility it seems to me that I ate and slept, and enjoyed myself, on the whole, pretty much as other children do—that I was seldom conscious of my imperfect and wretched state; and I can understand and appreciate now that infinite mercy which, shutting one door opens another; which strews the road to death with lotus leaves and masks the destroyer's battery; which gives cheerfulness to the consumptive, and the one good day among many days of pain and suffering to the condemned to disease; which gilds the lips of the dying child with a smile that is as the smile of angels.

The many doctors that I have been to! the greatest having been the famous Sir Hygey Febrifuge. He lived in Celsus Row, which is a funereal thoroughfare leading from Upper Tomb Street into Cenotaph Square, out of a little masked alley called Incremation Passage. The houses in Celsus Row are tall and gloomy. The odour of quinquina, highly-dried sarsaparilla, and bitter aloes seems to float about in the atmosphere. The gaunt iron railings before the houses look like the staves of mutes divested of their crape. At the corner leading into Upper Tomb Street is Mementh House, the town mansion of the Earl of Moriarty. Celsus Row itself is almost exclusively occupied by the Faculty. There have been but two laymen renting houses in it during the last thirty years: the Lord of Moriarty, who resides abroad, and one Colonel Platterbattle, of the Nizam's army, who, as a punishment for his intrusion into the sacred precincts of Esculapius, was signally sold up lately, and had carpets hanging out of his windows, and auctioneers' placards pasted on his wall. The brass plates as you advance upwards towards Incremation Passage are as brazen pages of the Medical Directory. Sir Hygey Febrifuge, Sir Esculap Bistoury, Scalpel Carver, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.; Doctor Drugg; Doctor Pelvill; Mr. Drum (the famous aurist); Mr. Bucephalon (the world-widely known oculist); Sir Ackwer Distillat; and others, have all their lodgments here. Grave broughams, or graver carriages and pair, driven by sedate coachmen—well read, no doubt, in the London Pharmacopœia, and putting their horses through regular courses of medicine—draw up, towards visiting hours in Celsus Row. Footmen clad in solemn black, or—even if in undress—wearing sober black and white striped jackets, open and shut the tall doors noiselessly. Visitors come and go noiselessly, and give cautious double raps. Swathed and muffled figures emerge from cabs, and totter feebly into the houses. Cabmen forbear to slang, and butcher-boys to whistle, in Celsus Row. You hear in fancy the scratching of pens writing prescriptions, the clinking of the Guinea fee into the physician's hand, the beating of the pulse, the long-drawn sigh, the half-suppressed groan as the patient waits agonizingly for a verdict of life or death from the doctor's lips.

For here in Celsus Row, in the tall quiet houses, dwell the locksmiths of the gate of ivory and the gate of horn. They cannot always find a key to fit: it often happens that the lock is so inscrutably constructed as to defy all their keys and baffle all their skill. But what it is within the compass of human capacity to know, thus much know the doctors of Celsus Row. They have the bunch of keys at their girdle: the key of pain and the key of solace, the key of sleep and the key of exhilaration; the key that gives strength to weakness, soundness to disease, cheerfulness to misery. From nine to twelve daily, crowds pour through the gates, paying their guinea toll, but finding often and often that the ivory gate only admits them to a life that is false, and that through the gate of horn lies Truth and Death.

My recollections of Sir Hygey Febrifuge are of a little gray-headed man who was always in a hurry. He is still alive, I am happy to say—little, gray-headed, and as constantly in a hurry. A man has a right to be in a hurry whose time is worth a guinea a minute. He must be immensely aged by this time, and must have carried an immense number of guineas. Well can I remember the solemn, silent dining-room in which I used to wait for audience with Sir Hygey Febrifuge. There were two large dusky pictures in it, the one representing the knight in his academical robes; the other a huge fruit and flower-piece, with a lobster, half-a-dozen oysters, a lemon with a long trailing rind, a flask of wine, and a profusion of luscious pineapples, cherries, grapes, roses, and vine-leaves. I used to look upon these two latter pictures with a sort of vengeful feeling, remembering how many delicacies had been forbidden to me through the instrumentality of the Faculty. There was a massive sideboard; beneath which there was a metallic monument, dreadfully like a sepulchral urn, which I now know to have been a wine-cooler, but which, in those days, I firmly believed to contain the ashes of dead patients. I can see now the dingy red drugget on the floor, the green-baize covered tables set out with bygone annuals, defunct court-guides, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Lord Kaimes on Criticism, and an odd volume of the Annual Register; the faded morocco chains; the double, crimson-covered, brass-nailed door, that led into the doctor's sanctum; the silent visitors waiting, as I was, for the arbiter of health. Here, the paralytic octogenarian; here, widow in mourning, with her rickety child; here, the wounded officer from India; here, the withered nabob, who had lost his liver, and was come hither on speculation to ask Sir Hygey if he had seen it by chance come that way; here, the old lady from the country afflicted with nothing save a plethora of money, and anxious to ask the doctor if it were likely that anything would ever be the matter with her; there, the anxious father with his consumptive daughter—the gentleman of small means who had been painfully hoarding up his guineas that his child might have the benefit of the great London medical man's advice; there, the young exquisite who had been living too fast; the old exquisite anxious to die as slowly as possible; the over-taxed student, who had gained his double first and lost his health; the popular actor beginning to be nervous about his voice, and feeling a warning stiffness and weakness in his limbs. Here they all were, mournfully silent—wrapped up in their own ailments, or at best speaking in stealthy whispers. Every now and then you heard a silver bell tinkle, and saw the grave raven hued servant flit in and out; and then the crimson door opened noiselessly; and when your turn came (if you had been a duke you could not have gone out of it), you were ushered into the presence of Sir Hygey Febrifuge.

Who, as I have already said, was always in a hurry. He never sat down, but flitted about, now looking at his watch; consulting his visiting book; feeling your pulse; asking you short nervous questions; convicting you out of your own mouth, if you attempted to deceive him; telling you in half a dozen words much more about yourself than you could have told him in a week, and a great deal that you didn't know at all; darting out into the hall to look (gratuitously) at a poor woman's leg, or a baby past hope; popping his head into the dining-room to see how many persons yet remained to see him, and then scribbling a prescription; precipitately giving you a rule of life and conduct for your future guidance; pocketing his fee, and nodding you out, all with perfect calmness and efficiency, yet all, so it seemed, simultaneously. Visitor after visitor would be summoned, and the same process repeated. Then, when *his* visiting time arrived, the Prince of the Faculty would enter his carriage, and drive from square to square, from street to street, hearing the long tales; judiciously cutting them short; giving a modicum of advice, a crumb of comfort, a healing touch of life and strength, and pocketing the guineas unceasingly. When to this you add attendance in the crowded wards of an hospital; operations; lectures in the hospital theatre to admiring crowds of students; and the occasional publication of an erudite work upon operative surgery or physiology, you will wonder with me where and whenever Sir Hygey Febrifuge found time to snatch a mouthful of food, to swallow a glass of wine, much less to give grand dinners, and frequent the fashionable soirees, and be the domesticated husband and father that he was, and is to this day.

How many thousand faces must have passed before the doctor's eyes; how many pitiable tales of woe must have been poured into his ears; what awful secrets must find a repository beneath that black satin waistcoat! We may lie to the lawyer, we may lie to the confessor, but to the doctor we cannot lie. The murder must out. The prodigal pressed for an account of his debts will keep one back; the penitent will hide some sin from his ghostly director; but from the doctor we can hide nothing, or we die. He is our greatest master here on earth. The successful tyrant crouches before him like a hound; the scornful beauty bows the knee; the stern worldly man clings desperately to him as the anchor that will hold him from drifting into the dark sea that hath no limits. The doctor knows no rank. The mutilated beggar in St. Celsus's accident ward may be a more interesting case to him than the sick duchess. He despises beauty—there may be a cancer in its bloom. He laughs at wealth; it may be rendered intolerable by disease. He values not youth; it may be ripe for the tomb, as hay for the sickle. He makes light of power; it cannot cure an ache, nor avert a twinge of gout. He only knows, acknowledges, values, respects two things—Life and Death.

In my experience of the Faculty, I can reckon no less than three knights besides Sir Hygey Febrifuge; I have had the honour of the medical attendance of Sir Squattling Squeb, the great Court Physician. Not of this present court, be it understood, but of the bygone régime of Queen Charlotte. Sir Squattling is dead now, I think; and for the last twenty years of his life the majority of the public believed him to be already deceased, although he was quietly making some hundreds of guineas yearly by his profession. Sir Squatting did not live in Celsus Row; but in Galen Square, where he had powdered footmen, in coloured liveries—quite Court footmen. He had a sister, Miss Squeb, age uncertain; plainness certain, who always carried a wire-work basket full of keys, which, when displeased, she rattled wrathfully. She frequently gave me cake, which I liked, and tracts, which, at that unthinking age, I am afraid I did not sufficiently appreciate. He was a very white-headed, red-faced, feeble, trembling old man, and, I think, wore powder and silk stockings. People said that he had never been clever, and that he had originally been Court apothecary, and had been promoted for drawing a youthful prince's tooth, with a gold pencil-case. I liked him. The first time I went to him he patted me on the head, and showed me a mighty rolling panorama of the coronation of George the Fourth, and said I didn't want any physic just then—it was that which made me like him.

Far different were my feelings towards Mr. Gruffinboote. Gruffinboote was one of those men—a class now extinct—who achieved a reputation for great talent and practical skill, by a savage and overbearing demeanour. Gruffinboote bullied the timid, frightened the ladies, and insulted the nobility. The timid people, the ladies, and the noblemen who like to be bullied, and frightened and insulted went to Gruffinboote, read his book, and abused him continually, to the great increase of his practice and extension of his fame. It was my doleful lot to be taken to Mr. Gruffinboote; something, of course, being the matter with my eyes and limbs. It was a dark day, and we went in a yellow hackney-coach; but where Mr. Gruffinboote dwelt, or what sort of a house his was, I cannot call to mind. All I can recollect is, that Mr. Gruffinboote wanted to do something to my eyes; but whether to scoop them out, or bleed them, or scrape them, or drill holes through them, or paint them with mercury (I have suffered nearly all these processes in my time) I cannot now say. I objected to Mr. Gruffinboote, certainly with tears; probably with struggles; possibly with kicks, and it is a fact that Mr. Gruffinboote thrashed me. He was a big, rough man, like a fierce schoolmaster that had been turned out in a prairie to graze; and I say that he thrashed me—a weak ailing child, with bad eyes and limbs. I bear Gruffinboote no ill will, but I think were he yet alive, and were I to meet him, I should be sorely tempted to tell him a piece of my mind.

I should fill this sheet were I to enumerate half the members of the Faculty between whom I ran the gauntlet in search of health. There was Sir E. Mollyent, the great ladies' doctor, who wrote the most complicated prescriptions, and was fond of recommending the waters of Maninbad, or the baths of Lucca, to very poor people's children, and once prescribed chicken-broth and carriage exercise to a pauper. There was Mr. Scalpel Carver, with an awful white neckcloth and shining white teeth, of whom men said, in a whisper, that he was fond of the knife; though, thank goodness, he never operated on me. And, among a whole host of others, there was worthy, kindly, Doctor Lilliput with his morocco case full of infinitesimal bottles, his tasteless medicines, mild and gentle mode of treatment. I know that, as a boy, I looked upon him as the greatest, wisest, cleverest of Doctors; but I am afraid now that he was not one of the orthodox Faculty, but was of the Homœopathic persuasion.

I have not troubled the Faculty much, since I came to years of discretion, or indiscretion. I think I may say, as Sir Godfrey Kneller did of Doctor Radcliffe, that I can take anything of a doctor, but his physic. The last doctor I went to seemed to have some intuitive notion of this; for, when I had gravely recited to him the details of my complaint, he gave me a very fine full-flavoured Havannah cigar, and ordered his servant to bring up the liqueur-case, and the hot water. To be sure, he was only a country doctor.—*Household Words.*

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A VOLUME on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste, than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops and other monstrous devices.

Patches were invented in England, in the reign of Edward VI., by a foreign lady, who thus ingeniously covered a wen on her neck.

When the *Spectator* wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats, to hide his ill-made legs.

Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet.

Others, on the contrary, adopted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties—as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions sometimes originate in some temporary event, as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized them (a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV.), cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramilies, wigs received that denomination.

In the year 1735, the men had no hats, but a little *chapeau de bras*; in 1745, they wore a very small hat; in 1755, they wore an enormous one, as may be seen in Jeffrey's curious "Collection of Habits in all Nations." Old Puttenham, in his very rare work, "The Art of Poesie," page 239 on the present topic, gives some curious information: "Henry VIII. caused his own head, and all his courtiers', to be polled, and his beard to be cut short; before that time it was thought more decent, both for old men and young, to be all shaven, and weare long haire either rounded or square. Now again at this time (Elizabeth's reign) the young gentlemen of the court have taken up the long haire trayling on their shoulders, and think this more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know."

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pockets a *comfit-box*, as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions. When the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with the comfit-box in his hand.

Fashions, indeed, have been carried to so extravagant a length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts, which may be found in Mezeray. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of Chaucer.

In the reign of Elizabeth of England, the reverse of all this took place: then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The bucks of the day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-packs, and in a public spectacle they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaux. To accord with this fantastical taste, the ladies invented large hoop farthingales. Two lovers could surely never have taken one another by the hand aside. In the preceding reign of Mary, the fashion ran on square toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picket-pointed shoes.

The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time (says honest John Stowe) he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier; the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other. This caused her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and break the rapier points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers; and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes."

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. the dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice.

A buck of the reign of Henry IV. has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe that they wore then long-pointed shoes, to such an immoderate length that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, these chains the English beaux of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver; but the grotesque fashion did not finish here; for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical.

The wild variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman, holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shoes in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were what I cannot tell what.

At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on "The Art of Poesie," p. 250: "May it not seeme enough for a courtier to know how to weare a feather and set his cappe aflaunt; his *chain en echarpe*; a straight buskin, *a la Inglese*; a loose, *a la Turquesque*; the cap *a la Spaniola*; the breech *a la Francoise*; and by twentie manner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very arte and studie, who can shew himselfe most fine, I will not say most foolish or ridiculous." So that a beau of those times wore in the same dress a mixture of all the fashions in the world.—*From Eliza Cook's Journal.*

MRS. STOWE'S SUNNY MEMORIES.

[From the Louisville Courier.]

WHILE Mrs. Stowe was looking at the river Dee, as she states in her "Sunny Memories," she remembered that the Dee had enchanted her childhood, by a wild old ballad which she used to hear sung to a Scottish tune, equally wild and pathetic. The ballad is known to lovers of song as "Mary's Dream," and Mrs. Stowe undertakes to republish it in her book of travels, apparently because she "had never seen those lines in print anywhere." She says: "I never knew who wrote them; I only heard them sung at the fireside, when a child, to a tune as dreamy and sweet as themselves; but they rose upon me like an enchantment, as I crossed the Dee, in view of that very German Ocean, famed for its storms and shipwrecks."

It is somewhat strange that Mrs. Stowe never saw "Mary's Dream" in print, and that she should have known nothing of its author or of its history. As an admirer of the ballad, one should have supposed that Mrs. Stowe would have inquired into these things, and have made an effort to ascertain whether she knew all of the song, and whether she had it correctly. In the book she has it inaccurately and very much mutilated, and, as Mrs. Stowe loves the ballad, we shall republish it for her benefit.

The author of "Mary's Dream" was John Lowe (who lived 1750–1798), a student of divinity. He was the son of a gardener in Kenmore, at Galloway. The ballad, "Mary's Dream," was written on the death of a surgeon at sea, named Miller, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's sister, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, where he married another female, became dissipated, and died, in great misery, near Fredericksburg, according to Chambers' Cyclopædia. This ballad is the only one of Lowe's productions that has survived, and it has beauty enough in it to keep it alive.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summer shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
"O, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is passed, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see.
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THE BLESSINGS OF OLD AGE.—The venerable Josiah Quincy, Sen., ex-President of Harvard University, having been toasted at the Alumni dinner, made an excellent speech, from which the following is an extract:

"On every occasion, whether public or private, an old man was sure to be reminded of his years. Why was this? Old age did not simply consist in length of days, for, as the President had quoted:

'Wisdom is gray hairs in man,
And an unspotted life is his old age.'

If it arose from sympathy, there was no ground for it. The sympathy was absolutely thrown away. So far as his experience reached, old age was the happiest period of life. And why not? Had we not then got rid of the nonsense of love (laughter), the folly of ambition, the grumbling of envy, the delusions of hope? He repeated that old age was the happiest portion of life, provided that in youth and manhood the individual is obedient to the laws of nature regulating health and strength, and leads a life of respectability and usefulness. In order to be happy and long-lived, it was important that there should be a harmony between the beginning, the middle, and the end of life, and especially between the beginning and the end. The young man should cultivate and foster the qualities which he sees to be respectable and esteemed in the old, and the old man, on the other hand, should retain and seek to perpetuate the feelings and vivacity of youth."

The ex-President closed with this sentiment:

"The hoary hairs with which wisdom crowns the young, and the unspotted life which is the crown of man at every period of his existence" (much cheering).

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The following is the definition of a woman by a distinguished philosopher: "A creature incapable of the exercise of reason, and that pokes the fire from the top."

——The sum of £260 was given recently at a sale in London for a pattern piece of gold of Charles I. The highly interesting coin was intended, it is thought for a £5 piece. It was never published.

——A distinguished physician of Paris, Dr. Robert de Lambelle, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and restores the sufferer to life.

——Mr. Mayall, the enterprising photographist, has succeeded in producing portraits the size of life! The apparatus to effect this object (says the *Athenæum*) is, of course, little less than gigantic. The largest double achromatic lens in the world is brought into use; and by a combination of successful arrangements and manipulation, a result is produced that fully startles.

——The original MS. of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church yard," was advertised to be sold by auction yesterday, the 4th inst. The *Athenæum* gives some of the verbal alterations as they stand in the copy. We select the following, intimating that the established text we print in Roman type, the MS. readings in *italics*:

Of such as wandering near her midnight bower
stray too
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep
village
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
Forever sleep: the breezy call of
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
Or Chanticleer so shrill or
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
coming
doubtful
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
homely
Their homely joys
rustic
Nor you, ye prord, impute to these the fault
Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault

——MRS. SOUTHEY.—Caroline Southey, widow of Robert Southey, the poet-laureate, died on the 20th ult., at Buckland, near Lymington. She was daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and was highly graced with intellectual accomplishments. She was married to Dr. Southey in 1839, about a year-and-a-half after the death of his first wife, Edith Fricker, to whom he was united on the day he left England for a six months' sojourn at Lisbon. The Rev. C. C. Southey, vicar of Ardleigh, in his "Life and Letters" of his father, says: "When the day was fixed for the travellers (Southey and Hill) to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day, and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united at Redcliffe Church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage was spread abroad."

——THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE TRADE.—In a former letter I mentioned to you some details about the Circassian slave trade. Whether it be to please the English, or really from sincere horror of it, Begtchet Pasha is using his best endeavours to put a stop to it. Since the disappearance of the Russians on the coast, it seems to have taken a fearful increase, and a number of boy and girls have been despatched in the